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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE WAVERING LINE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(A DOUBLE-PAGE IN COLOR)
NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 17, 1900
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The Abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty

FOR nearly two years it has been evident that the British government was sounding public opinion on the subject of the abrogation of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty. Evidently Mr. HAY'S representations and efforts began to be effective while he was ambassador in London. It was during that time that the *Spectator*, which often speaks with authority on the intentions of Lord SALISBURY'S government, began to suggest that the treaty ought to be out of the way; and it is at least an interesting coincidence that the issue of January 27, which reached this country two days before the signing of the agreement terminating the treaty, contained an article renewing the advice to the British government to surrender its pretensions to exercise with the United States a joint control over any canal that may be built across the isthmus. The truth is, as the *Spectator* pointed out, that thus far the treaty has stood in the way of the building of any canal, either by private capital or by our government. It is just, in speaking of this new convention, to say that Mr. HAY has again given evidence of the possession of native diplomatic skill, enhanced by a training in diplomatic methods which it has fallen to the lot of very few of his predecessors to enjoy.

The treaty with Great Britain out of the way, the situation is relieved from an important complication. It was of course understood by the leaders in Congress that the long negotiations on the subject were about to reach a successful conclusion; for Mr. HEPBURN'S bill does not consider the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty as an obstacle, and provides for negotiations with Nicaragua and Costa Rica only. As Mr. HEPBURN is the next friend of Speaker HENDERSON, it must be assumed that this omission was due to the knowledge of what was going on in the State Department.

The interoceanic canal situation is, therefore, in this condition: Under an act of Congress, Admiral WALKER'S commission is now investigating the Panama route. This "Isthmian Canal Commission" is charged with the duty of "examining the American isthmus with a view to determining the most practicable and feasible route for a ship canal." In his annual message Mr. MCKINLEY said that the work of the commission would require "much labor and considerable time for its accomplishment." At the same time he urged upon Congress the desirability of speedy action.

Mr. HEPBURN'S and Senator MORGAN'S bill is the response to this suggestion. And while the views of the administration are not known as to these particular measures, information received from Washington leads us to believe that this is the measure most likely to pass, if any bill becomes a law at the present session of Congress. Briefly, the bill authorizes the President to acquire from Nicaragua and Costa Rica the territory necessary for the construction and defence of the canal. This being accomplished by negotiation with the two Central-American governments, the President is ordered to direct the Secretary of War to build the canal from Greytown to Brito, by way of Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River, the waterway being of sufficient capacity for the use of vessels of the largest tonnage and draught. The Secretary is also to construct the necessary harbors and forts for defence. The sum of $140,000,000, or so much of it as may be needed, is appropriated for the work. Nothing is said touching the neutrality of the canal, but that is provided for in the treaty with Great Britain just negotiated.

It may be that the President will find negotiations with Nicaragua and Costa Rica difficult, or it may be that the Isthmian Commission will make so favorable a report on the Panama route, which is now owned by an American company, that the strong prepossessions which have long existed in favor of the Nicaragua route will be overcome. There are difficulties in the way of a treaty with Nicaragua, which we merely mention without discussion. Two American companies are interested there, both of which are undoubtedly opposed to the plan of government ownership and control through independent negotiations with Nicaragua. One company is the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, whose contract was declared to be forfeited on the 10th of October, 1899, by the Nicaraguan government. The other is the EYRE-CRAGIN syndicate, which has a concession from Nicaragua, and claims a consequent right of succession to the Maritime Company. The latter has protested against the action of the Nicaraguan government, and has appealed to this government. As to the cost estimated in the HEPBURN bill, it is interesting to note that the members of the old Nicaraguan Commission, of which also Admiral WALKER was the head, except Colonel HAINS, believed that the canal could be built for $118,000,000, while Colonel HAINS thought that $135,000,000 would be required.

THE LOUD bill of the present Congress, "to amend the postal laws relating to second-class mail-matter," is a different measure from that of previous Congresses. It is now a bill to increase the cost of periodical literature, published in the East, to those subscribers who live west of Chicago. It provides that the rate of postage charged for carrying periodicals one thousand miles shall be one cent a pound or fractional part thereof, and two cents a pound or fractional part thereof when the distance exceeds one thousand miles. In other words, if the subscriber for a Boston, New York, or Philadelphia newspaper or periodical lives one thousand miles to the west—say, in Chicago—the postage on his paper or magazine will be at the rate of one cent per pound; if he lives in St. Paul, it will be two cents. There is no reason why the readers beyond the Mississippi should not have their periodical literature as cheap as those who live east of it. The bill, moreover, discriminates in favor of Western publications. This is no doubt an oversight, and something for which Western publishers are not responsible. But, as a matter of fact, a Chicago or St. Louis periodical would be carried to the Atlantic seaboard on the east, and to the west or south a thousand miles—say, to Cheyenne, or Denver, or Galveston—for one cent; while the Eastern publication would be transported for the low rate only within one thousand miles to the west or south. The bill, we suppose, is intended to increase the income of the Post Office Department from second-class matter; but certainly, even if this is proper, it should not be done at the expense of the people who live west and south of Chicago and St. Louis.

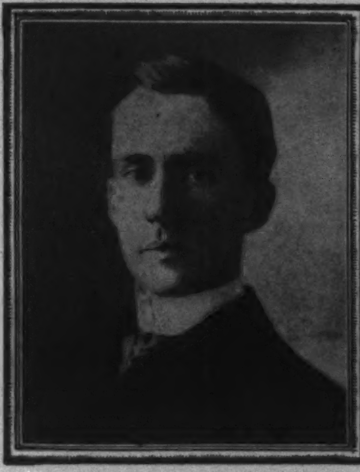
THE Senate has ratified the arbitration treaty adopted by the Peace Conference of The Hague. It may be interesting, therefore, to restate the conditions to which the country has committed itself by this treaty. The powers agree "to use all endeavors to effect by pacific means a settlement of the differences between them." In cases of serious differences they promise to "have recourse, so far as circumstances permit, to the good offices or mediation of one or several friendly powers." Powers not committed to the arbitration are invited to extend their friendly offices to disputing states, and it is declared that "the right of offering their good offices belongs to powers not connected with the conflict, even during the course of hostilities, which act can never be regarded as an unfriendly act." The mediator is to reconcile conflicting claims and to appease resentments. The decision of the mediator is to be regarded as counsel, and is not obligatory; the functions of the mediator cease the moment it is stated that the compromise or basis of amicable understanding is not acceptable to either party. The acceptance of mediation may interrupt preparations for war, but they are not to interfere with actual hostilities, once they are begun, without the mutual consent of the contending parties. A singular process is recommended—the suggestion of the American commissioners—for special mediation. It is a limited application of the law of the duel. Two powers between which there is impending war may choose two other powers to arrange a settlement. An international Commission of Inquiry is established for the verification of facts in cases of minor disputes not affecting the vital interest or honor of states. Upon a report of this commission the disputants may come to an amicable arrangement or submit the dispute to arbitration. Every nation signing the convention undertakes "to submit in good faith to arbitral judgment." A permanent court of arbitration is to be established, with headquarters at The Hague, under the direction of a permanent secretary-general. The court is to sit in all arbitration cases, unless the powers concerned prefer a special arbitration tribunal. Each of the signatory powers is to appoint four persons "of recognized competence in questions of international law, enjoying the highest moral consideration, and prepared to accept the functions of arbitrator." From the list of these members of the court, who are to hold office for six years, but who may be reappointed, contending powers are to select arbitrators. All these provisions have now been adopted by the United States, except that our representatives insisted on not being held obliged to depart from our traditional policy of not entangling ourselves in European politics, and stipulated that we should not be understood as relinquishing our position as to the MONROE doctrine.

THE bill reported by the Senate committee on the Pacific islands and Puerto Rico does not propose a permanent government for the island. It is merely a temporary government that is suggested, and action of this kind is taken because the people of the island desire a civil instead of a military governor. Governor DAVIS has been a most admirable executive, and his services have been of great value both to the island and to this country. Still, the people want a civilian, and they will be gratified. It is even suggested in the report that the vexed tariff question is not settled by fixing the rates of duty to be collected on imports into the island at twenty-five per cent. of the rates of the DINGLEY act. Indeed, the committee frankly state that it is their opinion that the island, now that it is part of the United States, should enjoy the privileges of free trade as they are enjoyed by the States and Territories of the Union in commerce with one another.

In other words, the committee, or rather a majority of it, agree with the President, Secretary ROOT, and General DAVIS, and they reject, or modify, the bill which provided for free trade because, they say, it is essential, "in view of the urgent necessity for a revenue for Puerto Rico, to impose" a duty on imports into the island. One of the great benefits of the measure, if it should become a law, would be the replacing of the coin of the island with that of the United States.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has made an interesting suggestion as to the National Guard of New York. He proposes that one of its regiments shall be made a heavy-artillery organization. This is the era of artillery, and the United States is backward in the essential arm of the military service. It possessed hardly any trained artillery at the opening of the war, probably because the authorities were taken by surprise. The artillery arm has, however, enormously increased its relative importance, and those who are interested in the army in Congress are beginning to take measures to relieve the situation and to remedy the evil. How great that evil is may be judged from the fact that while there are less than 5000 artillery soldiers now in the country, the guns mounted and provided for require a force of 25,000 men. Under these circumstances the pregnancy of Governor ROOSEVELT'S suggestion is apparent. If the National Guard and the militia regiments of the States are to be made effective, they should be organized, as the regular army should be, with an intelligent recognition of the needs of the service, and of the relative importance of its several arms.

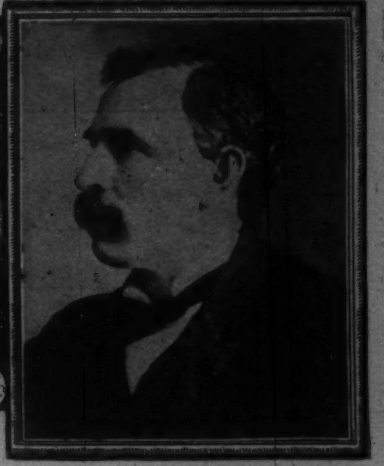
THE force with which the feeling against the HORTON law is running in New York State is a wholesome sign of the civilization of the community. The clergy naturally lead in the movement against the law, which was doubtless passed for quite another purpose than that for which it has been employed. It was ostensibly enacted for the promotion of honest and decent sport, and no doubt its abuse has been a surprise to many who originally favored it. No one doubts that the Governor is a genuine sportsman, and that he is not the one to be led away by the prejudices of those who are not, but in his annual message he recognized the law as promotive of prize-fighting and rowdyism of the worst kind. Four deaths, at least, have resulted from the fights that have been held under its provisions, and many other serious scandals have grown out of it. It is very easy to say that the respectable elements of the community are in favor of, or opposed to, any particular measure, but it is difficult to prove it. However, it is probably absolutely true that every good man and good woman in New York is earnestly in favor of the repeal of the HORTON law.



J. C. N. BECKHAM.

THE KENTUCKY INSURRECTION

by JOHN GILMER SPEED



GOVERNOR W. S. TAYLOR.

THERE has been nothing similar to the political situation in Kentucky since the reconstruction days in the South, when the carpet-bag adventurers were plundering all the States where the negroes were sufficiently debauched to assist in the spoliation. It seems likely, however, that before HARPER'S WEEKLY goes to press the technical civil war which has prevailed for ten days will have ended, and the actual civil war which was likely to be precipitated at any moment will have been averted. There was early a disposition to accept compromise, but as each party at first wished that compromise to be based upon the concession that that party was entirely right, it was difficult to arrange a method of settlement. But a method was finally agreed upon, as will appear when I get to that part of the story. Taylor, the Republican, undoubtedly received a plurality of the votes cast and was fairly elected Governor. But, according to the law, the General Assembly had the final adjudication of a contest for the Governorship. The best people in the State were on Taylor's side. Public sympathy was with him. While, however, the contest was pending in the Legislature, the capital was invaded by a mob of armed and drunken mountain desperadoes, brought there by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. This mob announced that it had come to see that the Legislature should not interfere with Taylor's right to sit as Governor. Here was a legislative body, sitting as a court, threatened by an armed mob while the case before it was under consideration. There was almost instantly a change of public opinion. Taylor's denial that he could be held responsible was not accepted; the hurried leaving of the mountaineers without any serious breach of the peace did not undo the assault on law and order or wipe out the insult to the General Assembly.

So the Republican office-holders had to depend entirely upon the militia of the State to defend them in the possession of their offices. It was apparent that the General Assembly, after this visit of the mountaineers and the consequent change in public opinion, meant to unseat Taylor and put his Democratic rival, Goebel, into the vacated place. On the morning of the day when the Legislature was expected to take this action, William Goebel, on his way to the Senate, of which he was a member, was shot down in the State House yard by an assassin concealed in one of the State buildings, presumably in the Executive Building, where Taylor had his offices. This crime brought matters to a crisis.

Taylor declared that an insurrection existed in the capital city. He therefore adjourned the General Assembly to meet a week later in London, Laurel County. He surrounded the State House with soldiers, and denied all access to it, even preventing the members of the General Assembly from visiting either of the legislative chambers. Though he did not declare martial law, there was actual martial law, including the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. Now the insurrection may be said to have been in full swing.

To understand how such a condition of affairs could be brought about in a State where the people are singularly independent and unselfish, one will have to go farther back than last summer, when Goebel forced his nomination, and so drove away from his party many of its best men.

For many years the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company has been the chief corporation in Kentucky, and has always operated lines of railways touching divers sections. The company was assisted in its first work of construction by the city of Louisville, and for many years that city held a large block of stock in the railroad, and hence assisted in its management. This gave the citizens an interest in the railroad, and the railroad an interest in municipal affairs. Longer back than twenty-five years ago the Louisville and Nashville Company was the greatest influence in Louisville municipal affairs. A man could not be elected justice of the peace or school trustee without the sanction of the Louisville and Nashville politicians. It was a most humiliating political condition, and when it is recalled it seems a wonder that the high-spirited people of Kentucky did not revolt a quarter of a century ago.

The lines of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad have been extended all over the State, and now the company endeavors to exert an influence in State politics similar to that which ruled and almost ruined Louisville in the time just mentioned. There are few large cities in Kentucky, and therefore the agricultural people are always largely represented in the General Assembly. Now the farmer in Kentucky, like the farmer in any other part of the United States, can be easily induced to believe that he is always a victim of corporate encroachments. The unscrupulous and ambitious among the city lawyers in the Legislature used this fact as a means of harassing and, when possible, plundering the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Conspicuous among these was William Goebel, a man of remarkable concentration of purpose, unscrupulous in action, and remarkably clever in the foresight with which he made his plans. His mental superiority among the politicians quickly made him the Democratic leader, and he thereupon constructed a machine which should be absolutely his. He knew that to attack a railroad corporation was popular. So the Goebel machine was bitterly and uncompromisingly opposed to the Louisville and Nashville. This made it necessary for that company to have legislative agents, though there had been such long before Goebel's time.

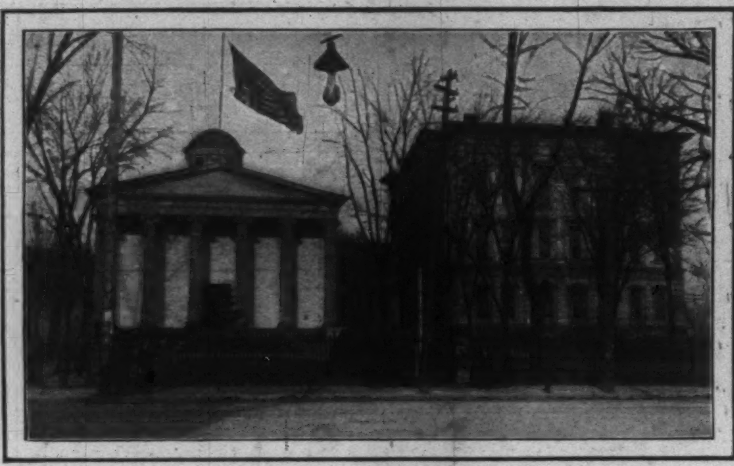
So that Goebel might be unchallenged in his personal supremacy in his home district—that is, in Covington, which is across the Ohio River from Cincinnati—he provoked an assault from Colonel John Sanford and shot him dead. He was acquitted on the ground of self-defence; but there were those even in his own party who were not prepared to see a man with such a record as the Chief Executive of the commonwealth. He was a prominent candidate last year, however, and had a minority following in the convention which met in Louisville last summer. There were three candidates—Hardin, Stone, and Goebel. I do not remember how many delegates there were. But if there were 500, the strength was something like this: Hardin, 240; Stone, 200; Goebel, 60. Goebel proposed to Stone that they unite and organize the convention against Hardin, and then Stone should have the nomination. Stone assented; but after Goebel secured the organization, his committee on contested seats kept on unseating Hardin and Stone delegates,

ARRIVAL OF TROOPS IN FRANKFORT.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL COLLIER.

CHANGING THE GUARD IN FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE.

COLONEL WILLIAMS.



STATE HOUSE AND EXECUTIVE BUILDING.

MILITIA GUARDING GOVERNOR TAYLOR'S OFFICE.

till the Goebel delegates owned everything. Then Goebel was nominated. The campaign was bitter, and all of the most decent Democrats in Kentucky went into the opposition. It was apparent weeks before the election that at a fair election Goebel would be beaten. But he depended quite as much on an election law which bore his name, as he had passed it through the Legislature. This law provided that the vote of each county should be canvassed by a board, and that the vote of the State should be recanvassed by another board in Frankfort, while the General Assembly should have the final decision in case of contest. The method of appointing the canvassing-boards assured that the majority of each board, and the State board as well, would be Democratic.

Kentucky is strongly Democratic, and has been so ever since the Whig party died with the defeat of Winfield Scott. But in 1896, when the Democrats declared for the free coinage of silver, there were so many seceders from the ranks that the Republicans carried the State for McKinley, and William O. Bradley was elected Governor. This was the first time a Republican had been Governor, and an able man had a chance to take advantage of the Democratic division and strengthen his own party very greatly. But Bradley was not an able man; on the contrary, he was a very unwise man; and, what was almost as bad in the eyes of the "Brahmin caste" in Kentucky, he belonged to that class known before the war as "poor whites." As Governor he lacked judgment, threatening when he should have acted, and acting when wisdom counselled that things should be let alone. On election day this unwise Governor, in apprehension of violence and fraud, had the militia under arms, and in some instances at the polls. This hurt Taylor tremendously, and injured the moral strength which was his chief support. But he was elected. Indeed, the election was so undoubted that the canvassing-boards invented for the very purpose of insuring Democratic success declared that he was elected. And so in December he was inaugurated, and the optimistic and peace-loving in the State hoped that the incident was happily closed.

But the General Assembly was Democratic; ay, more than that, Goebelite in both branches. That Goebel would fail to contest under the circumstances, regardless of the consequences to the peace and dignity of the State, none that knew him believed. And he did contest. He was not sure of winning, however, so long as the independent, the moral, and the religious opinion of the State was opposed to him. There were some members who could not be counted on to obey him, even though the Democratic political machine was as much his property as the pistol and the bowie-knife he carried in his breeches pockets. At this time of uncertainty occurred the visit of the armed and drunken mob of mountaineers over the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. There was no longer any doubt what the Legislature would do. Public opinion instantly veered around to Goebel, and now it was a foregone conclusion that Taylor, despite his election by the people, would be unseated. It was also certain that the people would acquiesce in this high-handed reversal of their judgment at the polls. In this emergency Goebel was shot and the things happened as I have described in the beginning of this article.

SPEAKER TRIMBLE.

The General Assembly, not being permitted to meet in the State House, attempted to meet elsewhere, but was prevented by the militia, acting under orders from Taylor. Then, by direction of Goebel, who was lying at death's door, but now and then conscious, the Democrats of the two Houses signed a document declaring Taylor unseated and Goebel elected. Goebel was then sworn in as Governor; also Beckham, who was the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. The lawyers who examined the law more carefully decided that Goebel could not be put in office by this political round-robin of the majority of the General Assembly, but that there had to be a meeting of each House, and then a joint session. These meetings were held in a hotel, the State House being denied them, and formal action was taken. Then both Goebel and Beckham were again sworn in, and Kentucky had two sets of State officers, each set claiming title by due process of law.

Meantime Taylor had physically strengthened his position in the Executive Building, and the State House grounds were converted into a military camp, protected from attack by triple guards and sentries, with loaded Gatling guns commanding every avenue of approach. But the moral support was all the time weakening. His chief advisers were ex-Governor Bradley and ex-Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge. This seemed bad company. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying it was bad company. The Democrats had appealed to the State courts to restrain Taylor by injunction from interfering with the meetings, at the capital, of the General Assembly. The court officer who attempted to serve notice of this proceeding on the Governor was arrested and kept a military prisoner for several days. When a writ of habeas corpus for the production of this man in court was given to the sheriff that officer was denied admittance to the persons to whom the writ was addressed. So we see that civil government was suspended in Kentucky, although civil war did not naturally ensue.

After lingering five days, Goebel died, and Beckham was sworn in as Governor in his stead. The death of Goebel had long been expected, but his death for a while made the excitement more intense and the strain upon the self-repression of the people very much greater. Up to Tuesday, February 6, there had been no collision between the civil and military authorities, though a new Adjutant-General had been appointed and this collision could be brought about very easily. Then there was a possibility that a hot-headed judge, resenting the indignity to the authority of his court, might order the sheriff to organize a posse-comitatus and carry out the mandates of the court by force of arms.

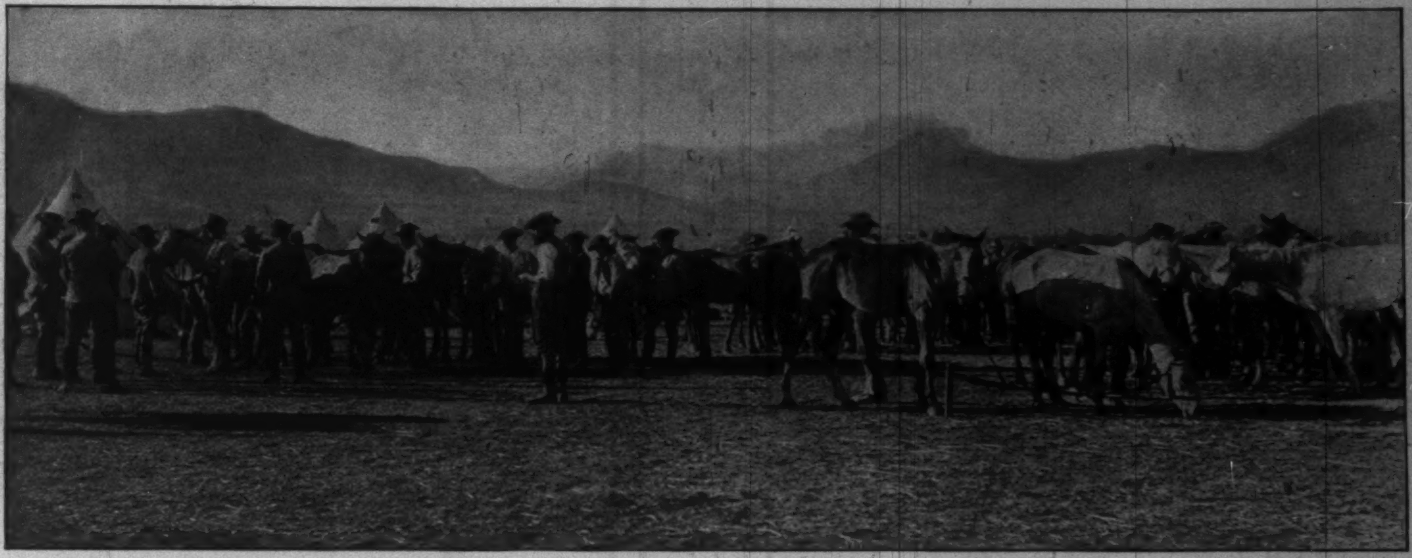
It was at this time that representatives of the two parties got together to arrange a way out of the difficulty, and so avert a civil war which would possibly have to be suppressed by Federal authority—that is, by the army of the United States. Up to this time the really first-rate men of the State had not been called upon to take part in the dispute which had resulted in insurrection and technical civil war. But in this emergency they came forward, as they usually do when anarchy threatens an American community, and made themselves the instruments through which a compromise has been effected that is honorable to all the contestants, and through which peace will be restored between the factions. There were seven men on each side, and there is not a name among the fourteen that does not have an honored place in the annals of Kentucky. The swashbucklers and bad men were not called on now, but those who were tried and true came to the front and did their duty fearlessly as men and as citizens. The agreement had seven clauses, and provided, briefly, as follows: That if the General Assembly declared that the Democratic candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor were entitled to the offices the Republican occupants shall submit without further protest; that both parties shall use their best endeavors to repeal the Goebel election law and substitute a fair law in its place; that conditions shall remain in *statu quo* till Monday, February 12; that nothing shall be done to hinder the General Assembly from meeting and taking action; that the State contest board on minor offices shall not decide any contests till the main question is settled; that the State troops shall be moved from Frankfort; that State officials shall have immunity from charges of treason and insurrection.

EPH LILLARD AND COLONEL JACK CHINN, WHO WERE WITH SENATOR GOEBEL WHEN HE WAS SHOT.

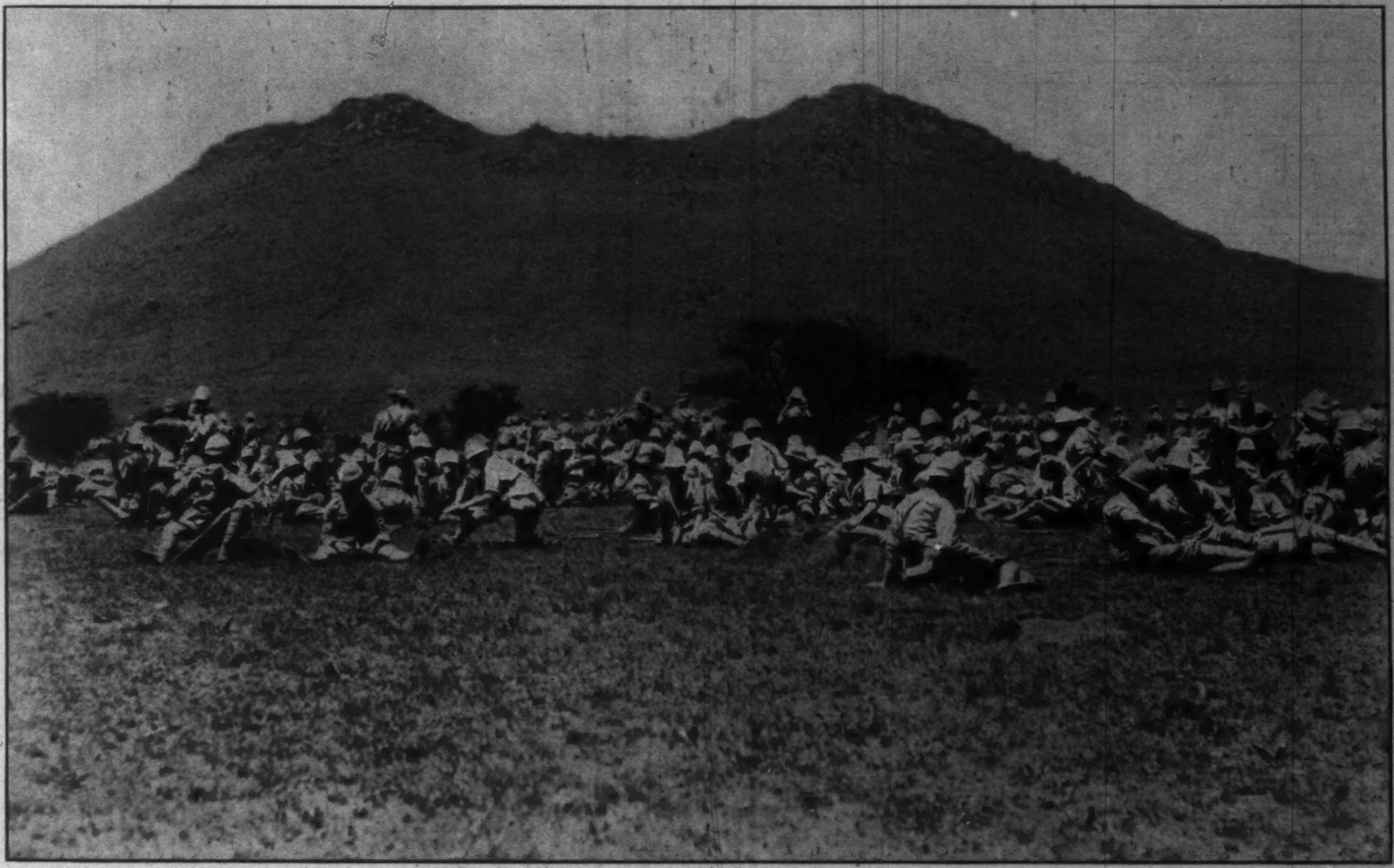
Since this unfortunate crisis arose I have heard men say, and I have read the same things in newspapers, that the Kentuckians were a bad lot and not fit for self-government. Little did these men and these writers understand the Kentucky character. This is not an appropriate time to brag about Kentucky and her people, but the facts set forth in this recital show that so soon as the good conservative men of the State took action there was a general acquiescence in their verdict. Even the war that was threatened was in defence, on either side, of what each side sincerely believed was the law.

They love the law out there as much as men love it in other parts of the world; when they break the law it is individual against individual, and not mobs against constituted authority. Society is bound together in Kentucky, as in every other self-governing community, by a respect for the law and a submission to it. The mountaineers, of whom mention has been made, have little respect for the law, because they only know it through its penalties. It was surely a mountaineer who killed Goebel. The lowland Kentuckian, the Blue-Grass gentleman, shoots in the open; it is only the mountaineer in that State who fires from ambush.

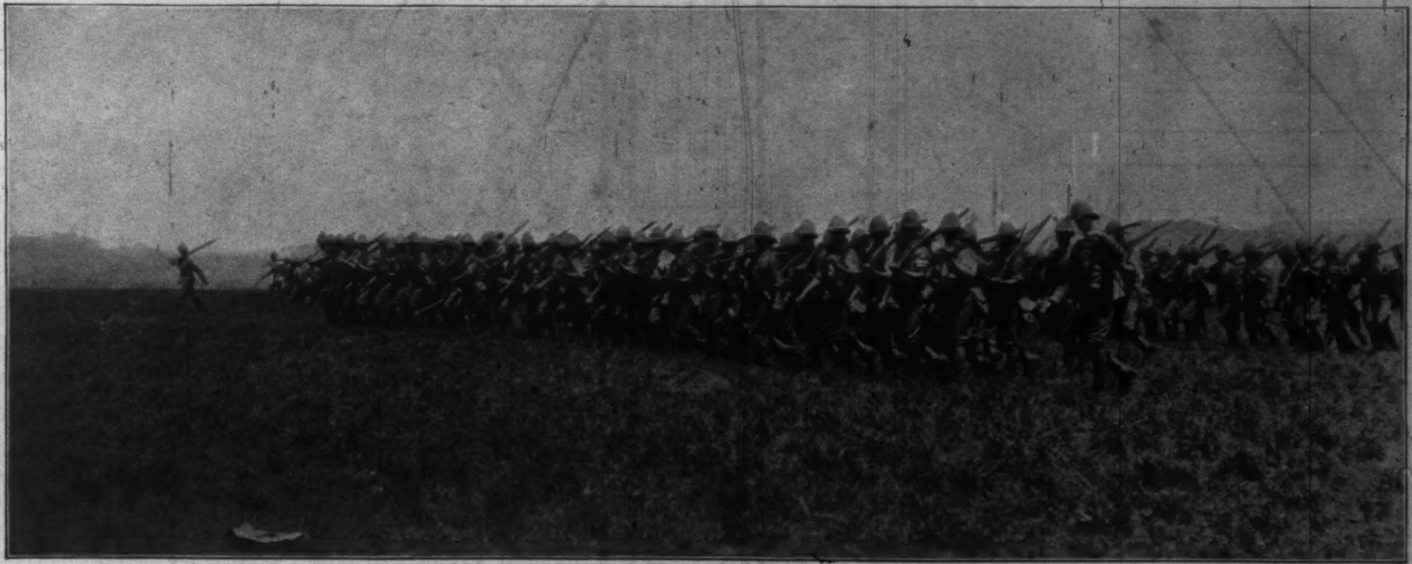
Even though these occurrences are discreditable to Kentucky and make a blot upon her history, it behooves those who pass judgment to consider the various provoking causes, specially the encroachments of a rich corporation, and then the suppression of the popular will by an unscrupulous political machine—then they may be able to think more kindly of a high-strung and independent people who have never been accustomed to either dishonesty or selfishness in the conduct of their public affairs. In this time of trial they have displayed a self-restraint which would have been remarkable in any State capital in the Union.



THE CAVALRY QUARTERS IN GENERAL GATACRE'S CAMP.



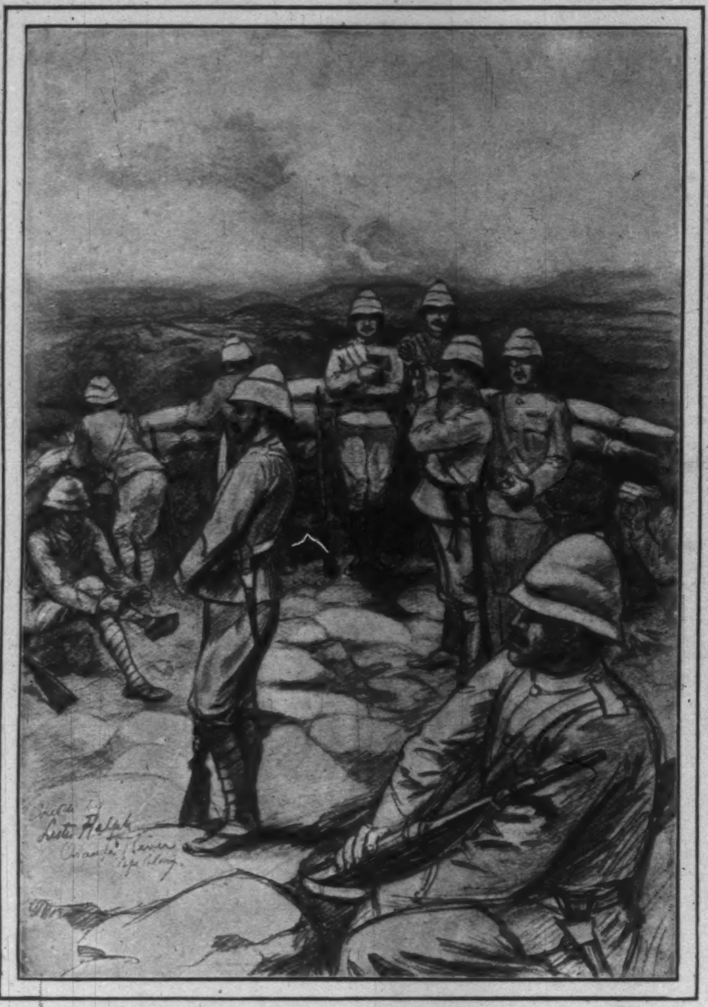
THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE INFANTRY RESTING AT THE FOOT OF A KOPJE.



THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE INFANTRY MARCHING TO FINCHAM'S NEK.

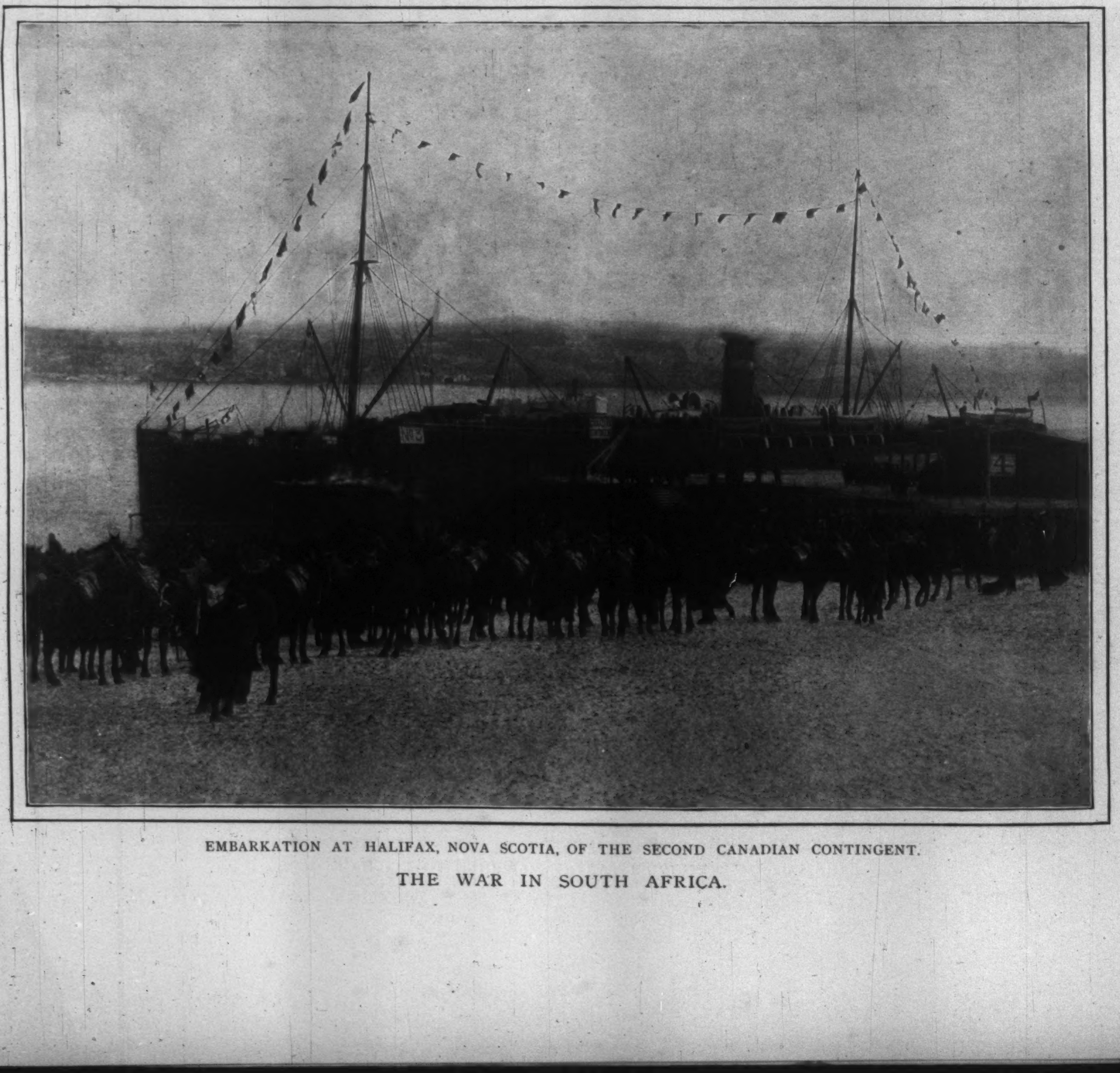
THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—GENERAL GATACRE'S DIVISION AT QUEENSTOWN.

Photographs by Horace W. Nicholls.



A BRITISH REDOUBT.
FROM A SKETCH BY LESTER RALPH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

LORD METHUEN RECEIVING DESPATCHES FROM KIMBERLEY.
DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



EMBARKATION AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, OF THE SECOND CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Great Fire in Honolulu

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRE. RUINS OF KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH. REFUGEES MARCHING UNDER GUARD.

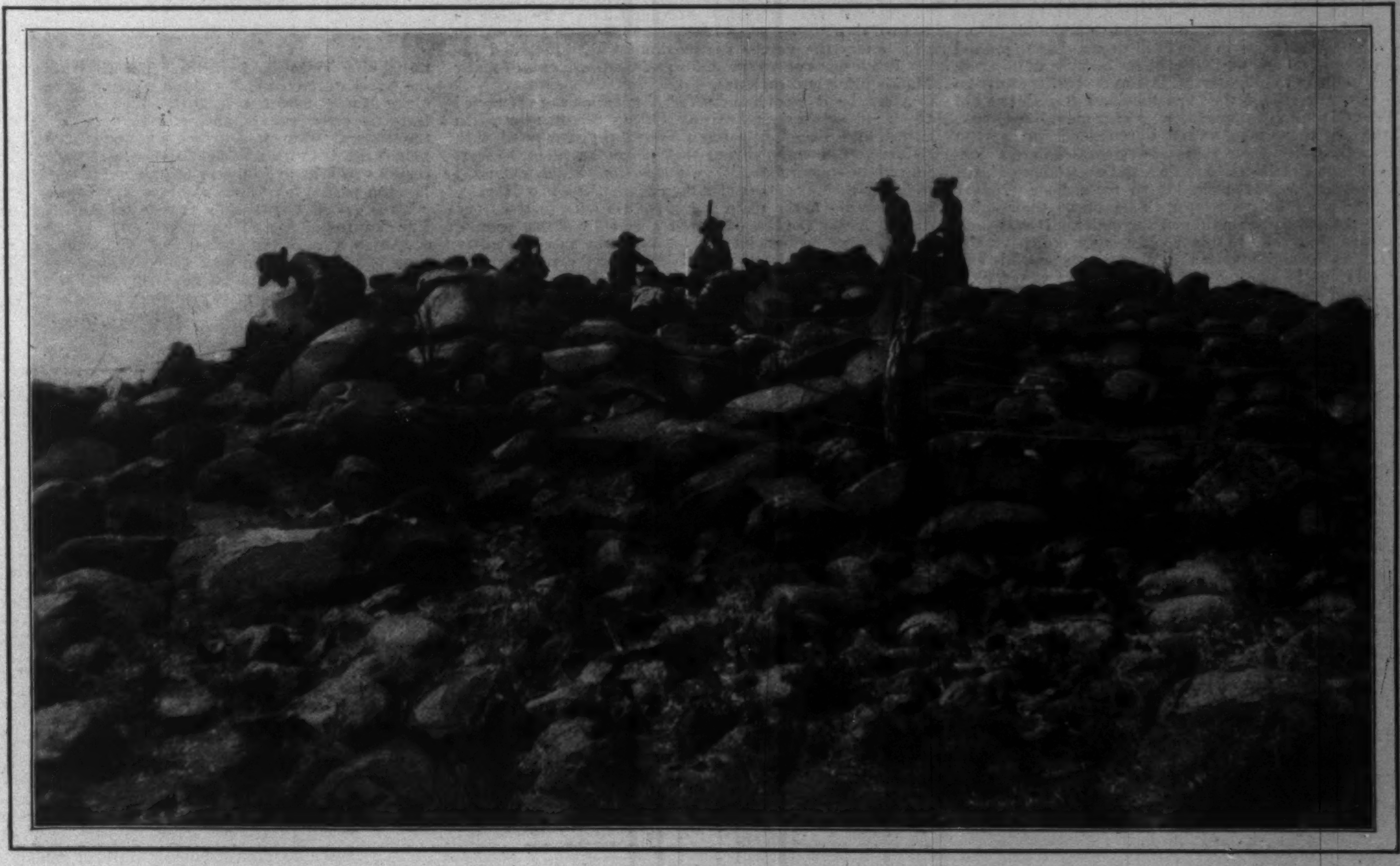
THIRTEEN blocks of Chinatown burned, the famous old Kaumakapili Church destroyed, and 4500 people made homeless—these were the results of an attempt on January 20, by the fire department, to burn several condemned buildings in the infected Asiatic district of this city. For a few hours the whole city was threatened with destruction, as a fierce Trade had begun blowing and the fire company was badly crippled by the loss of an engine. Only by great efforts of the white residents, acting in unison with the National Guard and United States troops, were the panic-stricken Chinese, Japanese, and native Hawaiians prevented from scattering over the city, and carrying with them the contagion of the deadly bubonic plague.

For some time buildings in the Chinese quarter, which have been found impregnated with plague germs, have been burned. This effective method of sanitation was put in force on Saturday last, but sparks from the burning buildings were carried to the neighboring Kaumakapili Church, and it was soon in flames. Desperate efforts were made by the fire department to save this church, as it was the oldest edifice on the islands, had the finest organ, the only beautiful stained-glass window, and the only chime of bells in Honolulu. A fire-engine was run up close to the building, but like pent-up gas the hot air within found vent, and so rapidly did the flames spread that the firemen were forced to abandon their engine.

From this place the fire swept like a whirlwind over the blocks of small buildings that formed the Oriental quarter. The Asiatics and Hawaiians rushed out with what they could seize, and the open spaces were filled with a terrified mob. Large quantities of fire works were stored in the shops awaiting the Chinese New Year, and the explosions from these added to the general alarm. The police and National Guard, fully armed, formed a cordon around the district, and they were aided by all the able-bodied white men in town, who came running to the quarter armed with axe-handles and pick-helves. In a short time the refugees, who numbered 4500, were herded in public squares, and when the fire was partly subdued they were marched between armed lines to Kawaiahao Church and church-yard. All these people had been strictly quarantined for weeks, and it would have been fatal to the safety of the city had they been allowed to go at large. Many of the Japanese were frenzied with fright, but these were subdued. Carts were provided to transport the feeble women and children and such household goods as were saved. The Japanese seemed intent only on rescuing their bright-colored dresses; the Chinese saved their basket-poles, gambling lay-outs, and opium outfits; while the Hawaiians seemed content to bear away their gayly ornamented guitars.

In the church the women and children were placed, the men being accommodated in tents in the yard. Some women had just given birth to children, and other infants were born after the removal. Clothing and food were furnished. All day Sunday the white residents labored for the homeless ones. There were no church services, all being occupied with the work of good Samaritans. The following day most of the refugees were removed to the detention barracks, where they will be kept till all danger of infection is over.

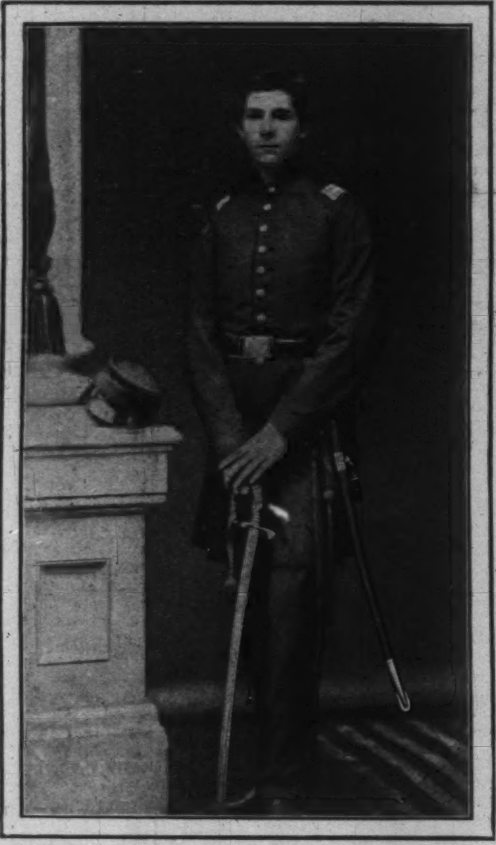
It is believed that this big fire has cleaned out the seeds of the plague, and that the danger is over, as for two days there have been no new cases.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—BOER TROOPS FORTIFYING A KOPJE.

From a Photograph taken within the Boer Lines.

ARRIVAL OF GEN. LAWTON'S BODY



HENRY W. LAWTON,
As a Lieutenant, at Twenty Years of Age.

SAN FRANCISCO, *February 1.*

THE funeral honors given in this city to the remains of Major-General Henry W. Lawton were simple but impressive, and the crowds that lined the streets when the body was escorted down Market Street to the ferry testified to the regard in which the dead soldier is held in this the State of his adoption, where he hoped to make his home. Of all the commanders in the Philippines, Lawton stood first in the affections of Californians, because of his rare services as an Indian-fighter in Arizona. He it was who broke the strength of the Apaches, and forced the old war-chief Geronimo to surrender. Other men, like Crook, had whipped these savages, but it remained for Lawton to follow them into their mountain fastnesses in old Mexico, and to surpass them in cunning, and endurance of heat, thirst, and fatigue. He chased them day and night, never giving them an hour's rest, until he broke their spirit and forced them to unconditional surrender. It was such qualities as he showed in this Apache campaign that made him famous throughout the Far West, and it was his valuable services in taming the Indians who roamed over Arizona and southeastern California that made this State grateful to him and eager to do him honor.

The big transport *Thomas* arrived in San Francisco Harbor on Tuesday. Every garrison flag was lowered as the vessel steamed up the bay, and the flags from all the public buildings were at half-mast. As she dropped anchor the boom of the first big gun from Alcatraz marked the military honors to the dead major-general, and the full salute of thirteen guns went echoing far out through the Golden Gate.

Up to the huge vessel steamed the army tug *General McDowell*, with Major-General Shafter, his daughter Mrs. McKittrick, and his aides, Captain McKittrick and Lieutenant E. T. Wilson. Another tug bore Major Tucker of the army pay department, a brother-in-law of the late Major Logan, whose body was on board the ship, Richard Bentley, guardian of Logan's children, and Adjutant-General Seamans of the National Guard of California, who represented the State. General Shafter escorted to the shore Mrs. Lawton and her four children, and thus spared them the long wait due to quarantine regulations.

Mrs. Lawton and all the officers on board spoke in warm terms of the great honors given to the dead general at Manila, and at Nagasaki, where the vessel touched. The funeral at Manila was the most imposing ever seen in that city, many prominent civilian officers from cities in which General Lawton had established stable government taking part. Foreign officers also showed their respect by their presence. Between a double line of war-ships, on which marines presented arms and the bands played dirges, the *Thomas* moved out of Manila Bay. One by one, the ships gave the salute of thirteen guns, and this tribute was also rendered by the war-ships of other nations. At Nagasaki four Russian cruisers and a German man-of-war in the harbor dipped their colors, and while the *Thomas* lay in port the Italian cruiser *Carlo Alberto* steamed in. Rear-Admiral Grenet, who was aboard, personally offered his sympathy to Mrs. Lawton. The Governor of Nagasaki, who was ill, sent his regards by his secretary, and a present of two handsome Japanese vases. When the *Thomas* left, the British ship *Victorious*, which had arrived, dipped its colors, and all Nagasaki had its flags half-masted.

When Mrs. Lawton reached this city she was in ignorance of the popular subscription for her and her children. As General Shafter told her of the great wave of feeling that had gone over the country, and of the spontaneous gift in a single month of over $100,000, she broke down and wept. Modestly she said that she expected the government would give her a pension sufficient to educate her children, but she had never dreamed of such generous treatment from the public. She was profoundly touched by this popular tribute to the dead general.

On the *Thomas*, in a special place made for them amidships on the main-deck, rested the bodies of General Lawton, Major Logan, Major Armstrong, and Lieutenant Taylor of the Twelfth Infantry. All were draped with the national colors and guarded by four troopers. In a cabin near by were funeral wreaths and other emblems given by prominent Filipinos. Among them were wreaths of black feathers, artificial flowers, and fine wire made in beautiful patterns. On black ribbons were stamped in gilt letters the names of the donors, that included the civil governors of several cities and the presidents of many Manila clubs and societies.

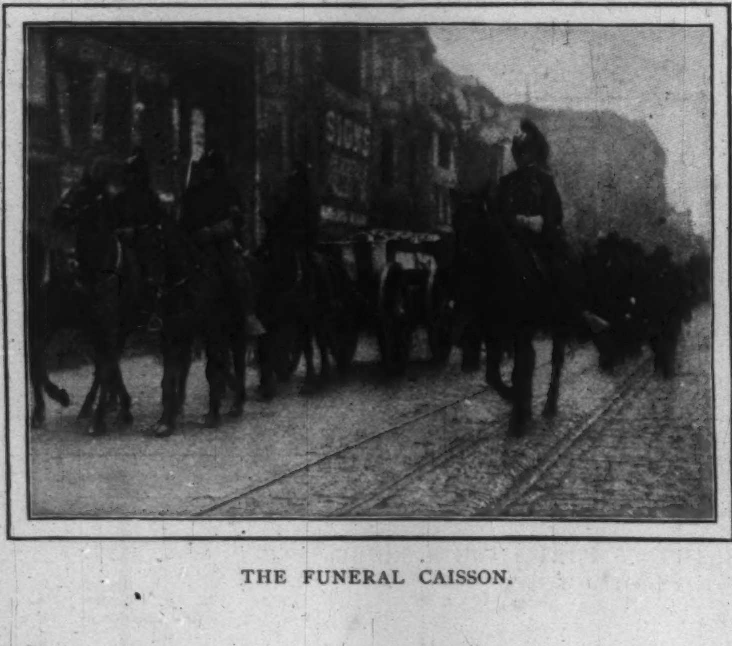
After the *Thomas* had docked, the bodies were removed to an undertaker's place on Mission Street, near Fifth Street, and placed in a room beautifully decorated with palms and flowers. From that place the funeral escort moved this afternoon. The procession, which extended over three blocks, moved along Sixth Street to Market, and then down the main avenue of the city to the ferry depot. Along the line of march were fully 30,000 people, many of whom bared their heads in the raw and gusty air as the dead heroes passed by. First came mounted police, then a platoon of patrolmen on foot. Following them were black-horse Troop G, of the Sixth United States Cavalry, Captain West in command, and bay-horse Troop F, Sixth Cavalry. Behind these were Troop A, National Guard of California, and the National Guard Signal Corps. The cavalry wore yellow tassels in their helmets, and the signal men orange tassels. All were in full dress, with swords. Then came the four artillery caissons. On the first, drawn by four black horses ridden by two Rough Riders, was General Lawton's body, draped in the national colors, and covered with beautiful floral wreaths. The bodies of Major Logan and Major Armstrong followed, decorated in the same way. On each side of the caissons marched in single file fifty members of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Oddfellows, of which General Lawton was a member. There was no music,

CHAPLAIN PIERCE,
Who will conduct the Burial Services at Arlington.

all moving by in dead silence. The sidewalks and half the street were crowded with people, and all the windows along Market Street were filled with spectators. At the ferry the escort saluted and retired; at the Oakland depot the funeral train was drawn up, and the bodies were placed on board. Among those who accompanied the remains to Washington was Chaplain Pierce, whom Mrs. Lawton wishes to conduct the funeral services.

Thus ended California's tribute to the dead general. The feature of it that impressed any observer was the deep sympathy of the great crowd, and the many expressions of regard for the man who was, perhaps, the most popular officer in the American army, and who certainly was the ideal of the stalwart, rugged, fearless American soldier.

GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.



THE FUNERAL CAISSON.

WREATHS PRESENTED BY PROMINENT FILIPINOS.

"APPARENTLY THE REST OF THE MEN ARE ALSO PREJUDICED IN HER FAVOR TO-NIGHT," SAID MRS. WINSTON-SMITH.

THE ACTION AND THE WORD.* *By Brander Matthews*

CHAPTER III.

THE Brookfields lived in a spacious English-basement house on a Murray Hill corner, and the doctor had his office and his waiting-room on the ground-floor. Immediately above was the large drawing-room on the Madison Avenue front, with a cozy library connecting it with the ample dining-room in the rear. The next floor the doctor had abandoned to his son, and his son's wife, and his son's child, taking for himself the corner room above theirs. Evert had protested in vain against his father's giving up of the apartment to which he had been accustomed.

"My dear Evert," the doctor had declared, "your wife is the lady of the house now, and I am only a guest in it. I want Carla to feel at home here. You see, she is the only woman who will ever have a home in this house now."

After Mrs. Jimmy Suydam had called on Mrs. Evert Brookfield within the week following the Amateur Club's performance of the "Happy Pair," the doctor asked his son if his plans for the new building of the Methuselah Life Insurance Company had been accepted, and when he heard that they had not yet been passed upon by the executive committee, he had renewed his suggestion of a dinner for the president of the company and for the president's wife—a dinner of fourteen, which was as many as the dining-room would hold comfortably. Mr. and Mrs. Abram Carkendale had promptly accepted Mr. and Mrs. Evert Brookfield's invitation, and so had Mr. and Mrs. James Schuyler Suydam, although their acceptance was not quite so prompt. The Hon. Gilbert Barry, the young Irish philanthropist, had brought his American bride back to her own country for the winter, and they also accepted with pleasure. So did Mrs. Winston-Smith, and the Vicomte d'Armagnac, and Gurney Twiss, and the Bartlett girls, Miss Evangelyn Bartlett and Miss Kathryn Bartlett, who no longer cared for dances, but still liked to go to dinners.

Evert had gone with his wife to order the flowers, and when they were all seated at the dinner it had seemed to him that the roses spread a little too luxuriously, since they almost kept him from seeing Carla at the other end of the table. But before the dinner was over the young architect caught himself smiling at the thought that perhaps it was as well that the austere and mature Mrs. Carkendale was not as tall as he was, and therefore could not see how Carla was laying herself out to captivate Mr. Carkendale. Evert's admiration for his wife was boundless, and he was absolutely incapable of jealousy; but he was dumbly conscious of a wish that she would not appear quite so interested in what Mr. Carkendale was saying.

He felt sure that the president's conversation was not really as entertaining as any one must have supposed who judged only by her rapt attention. He could not guess that Mr. Carkendale, delighted at so sympathetic a listener, was talking about himself and about his success in life, and about his wife and her social ambition. Evert did not hear the president of the Methuselah Life say that "since Mrs. Carkendale joined the church she has become such a society lady"; but Dr. Brookfield heard it, and so did Mrs. Gilbert Barry, who was an old friend of the docter's, and they had not dared to look at each other for a minute or more.

Evert had been devoting himself to Mrs. Carkendale, and she had told him that she wanted to build a new house somewhere in the sixties or seventies, near Fifth Avenue. His professional instincts had waked at this, and he had got her to tell him what kind of a house it was she thought she wished, and had given to her half a dozen excellent suggestions so adroitly that she had supposed them to be her own.

When at last the ladies had risen, leaving the men to their cigars, Carla had whispered to her husband: "Talk to Mr. Carkendale now. I think he'd do almost anything for you, if you take him right."

And while Evert was guiding the president of the Methuselah Life Insurance Company into a conversation with the Hon. Gilbert Barry, in which Mr. Carkendale might have a chance to supply the Irishman with needed information about the conflict of State laws regarding insurance, Carla, in the drawing-room, had come to the rescue of Mrs. Carkendale, who was being frozen by the stately Mrs. Winston-Smith, a lady who took her duty as a social leader very seriously, and who was always thinking it time that "the line must be drawn somewhere." She was engaged in drawing the line between herself and Mrs. Carkendale, when the young hostess intervened and turned Mrs. Winston-Smith over to the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Barry, to whom the stately dame was very gracious as to the daughter-in-law of an earl, not knowing that the earl's son's wife was a Southern girl who had for a year or two been a reporter on the New York newspapers.

Then Carla turned her batteries on the wife of the president, and told her how many interesting things Mr. Carkendale had explained to her during dinner, and how much she herself enjoyed meeting men who had really accomplished something in the world. When the elderly lady praised Evert in turn, and said how pleasant it was to find an architect like Mr. Brookfield, who understood her ideas at once, Carla, in her surprise, almost spoiled everything by wanting to ask whether it was the president or the president's wife who was responsible for the new building of the Methuselah; but she bit the words off from the end of her tongue and let Mrs. Carkendale run on. When she discovered that it was a new house the president's wife had in mind, she took occasion to declare that it was astonishing how skilful Evert was in planning buildings as different as residences and sky-scrapers, and she dwelt on his years in Paris at the Beaux-Arts. Mrs. Carkendale listened, and said she supposed they did those things well in Paris, but she had always found the hotels there very uncomfortable and without any of the conveniences she was accustomed to.

This gave the conversation a more intimate turn; and five minutes later, seeing all the other women talking languidly, Mrs. Winston-Smith and Mrs. Barry on one side, and on the other Mrs. Jimmy Suydam and the Bartlett girls, the young hostess slipped out and took Mrs. Carkendale up stairs, and showed her the baby fast asleep in his crib. When they came down stairs again, two minutes before the gentlemen joined the ladies, Mrs. Carkendale felt as though she was going to make a very great friend of Mrs. Evert Brookfield, in spite of the difference of their ages. At first Mrs. Carkendale had been very conscious of the assured social position of the other guests, and she had stood somewhat aloof, as though it was their duty to make advances to her. But after the talk with the young hostess, and after the visit to the nursery, the president's wife ceased to hold herself on the defensive. When Carla took a seat by the Bartlett girls, Mrs. Carkendale dropped into easy conversation with Mrs. Suydam, and began to praise the Brookfield baby—"such a fine boy, and so handsome."

"He ought to be handsome," said Mrs. Jimmy, placidly. "Evert Brookfield is a very good-looking fellow himself. Just see how well he carries himself now."

Mrs. Carkendale was a little taken aback to hear a woman thus frank in speaking of a man's appearance, but she did look at Evert as the men straggled in, and his manly figure filled her eye with pleasure.

As the men's voices had been heard from the library the women had brightened visibly. Their conversation suddenly became animated. Evert's eyes were keen, and as he drew near his ear caught the change in the women's tones as they began to talk to the men.

He noted this heightening of the pitch in his wife's voice as d'Armagnac and Twiss captured the chairs nearest to her. Too wise to tell her that he had detected it, he resented a little the appealing note of Carla's speech when she was engaged in conversation with a man. He knew that she was very womanly, and he took this to be only another exhibition of the feminine habit of self-depreciation in the presence of the superior sex. Sometimes he had seen her apparently hanging on the words of some very ordinary male, of whom she was prompt to make fun when the man had gone. Perhaps no better evidence can be given of Evert Brookfield's wisdom than his admission to himself that he did not really understand his wife.

So, as he was convoying Mr. Carkendale across to Mrs. Winston-Smith, he looked down and caught his wife's eye, and they exchanged a smile of confident happiness.

Mrs. Winston-Smith's manner was repellent more often than not, and on the present occasion Mr. Carkendale was a little overawed by it. After an interchange of chilly

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2250.

A WINTER'S NIGHT ON B

BROADWAY.—Drawn by Everett Shinn.

commonplaces, he turned from the stately dowager to the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Barry, asking her how long she had been in the country and what she thought of America.

"Oh, I'm an American myself," she replied, promptly. "I'm from the So'th; but I lived in New York for three or four years. I remember you, Mr. Carkendale, even if you don't remember me."

The president of the Methuselah Life could not recall any earlier meeting with Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Barry laughed merrily. "I wasn't Mrs. Barry then; I was a reporter for the *Gazette*, and I was sent up to get an interview out of you."

Mrs. Winston Smith's expression was one of horrified amazement that the son of an English earl could have married a female reporter. Evert's face was grave, but his eye twinkled as he saw that Mrs. Winston-Smith had received a shock.

"You talked very easily," Mrs. Barry continued, "and it was good stuff, too. I was told to get two sticks, but I made it half a column, and it wasn't cut down at all."

Mr. Carkendale was tactless enough to acknowledge that he remembered the interview printed in the *Gazette*—about two years ago, wasn't it?—but he did not recall the interviewer.

Evert left Mr. Carkendale and Mrs. Barry to right themselves as best they could, and took a seat beside Mrs. Winston-Smith.

"How lovely your wife looks to-night!" she began, benignantly.

"Do you think so?" he returned, glancing across the room at Carla talking to Twiss and d'Armagnac and Jimmy Suydam and the Hon. Gilbert Barry, while his father was sitting with the Bartlett girls on one side of him, and Mrs. Suydam and Mrs. Carkendale on the other.

"Don't you think so?" Mrs. Winston-Smith responded.

"Oh yes!" he answered. "I always think that she is lovely. But then I may be prejudiced in her favor."

"Apparently the rest of the men are also prejudiced in her favor to-night," Mrs. Winston-Smith replied. "But I don't wonder; she has such charming manners."

The husband of the woman thus directly complimented liked to hear her praised, but he preferred that the eulogy should not be quite so bald. He made no immediate response, and Mrs. Winston-Smith did her duty in keeping up the conversation.

"So few young women have any manners at all nowadays," she declared. "They have no deference for their elders—none at all. Now, when I was a girl—"

Evert Brookfield never learned what happened to Mrs. Winston-Smith when she was a girl, for that lady interrupted herself abruptly when she saw the four men around Mrs. Brookfield rise, one after the other, saying, in turn, "Please do, Mrs. Brookfield!"

"What is it they want your wife to do?" Mrs. Winston-Smith asked. "Not skirt dancing, I hope? Nothing of that sort, I beg, although they do say it is done in the Prince's set in London."

Gurney Twiss and d'Armagnac came across to Evert.

"We want Mrs. Brookfield to recite," said the amateur actor.

"We ask her to say us something," the Frenchman added.

Evert was rejoiced always when his wife received attention. He liked to see her make an impression. He was glad of the pleasure it gave her; and he was quite aware also that it pleased him as well.

He crossed over to her. "Why don't you recite something, Carla?" he began.

"Oh, it's our own house," she answered. "Do you think it would be nice? Besides, I'm not sure that I really remember anything. It is ever so long since I recited last."

"You must remember something," he urged; "there's that thing of Bret Harte's you recited for father a month or two ago."

"Oh, 'Her Letter,'" she responded, less doubtfully. "Well, I don't know but perhaps I could recite that—if you really insist;" and she looked around at the circle of men about her.

And all five of them assured her promptly that they really insisted.

She arose with a light little laugh, and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"If I must," she said, as she walked toward the bow-window at the end of the room, the heavy curtains of which had been dropped. "But I don't think it is fair to ask me to try to recite now," she began, as she took her position before the draperies; "really, I don't. I'm not at all sure that I remember it at all. And it will be perfectly dreadful if I break down!"

Then she looked at the men who had besought her, and shook her head at them. "I shall never forgive you if I do," she added—"never, never!"

"But you won't break down," said her husband, encouragingly, as the men withdrew from that end of the room and took their seats by the side of the other women.

Evert's pulse quickened a little as he noticed the tremble in his wife's voice when she announced the title of the poem she was about to recite—"Her Letter." He remarked that she spoke the first stanza very fast:

"I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue;
In short, sir, the 'belle of the season'
Is wasting an hour on you."

Then her confidence came to her again, and the rest of the poem was spoken with less precipitation. Her husband listened to it with intense pleasure, although he knew that her delivery was not perfect, and that it might even be called singsong. But in his eyes the woman reciting was far more charming than the woman who was the heroine of the poem, and this would have satisfied him even if Carla had not been able to suggest the undercurrent of feeling flowing beneath the polished lines of the poet. A lump was ready to rise in his throat, and a tear almost came to his eye, when his wife recalled the memory

"Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
Of the dress of my queer vis-à-vis;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

"Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate.
Ah! Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To 'the best-paying lead in the State.'"

When she finished, Evert had great difficulty in not leading the applause which broke out, and in which even Mrs. Suydam took part.

"Very pretty," said Mrs. Winston-Smith—"very pretty, indeed."

"Fetching, isn't it?" the Hon. Gilbert Barry asked his wife.

TSU TSI, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA

From a Chinese Portrait.

The Empress is the dominant power in Chinese politics, and is now reported to have caused the abdication of the Emperor Kwang Shu, of whose progressive methods she does not approve.

"I do wish Mrs. Brookfield would recite something else," Mrs. Barry urged.

"Say us something in French," said d'Armagnac.

"In French? Before you?" Evert heard his wife answer, raising her eyes suddenly to the Frenchman's. "I'd never dare do that!"

"But you speak French so well," d'Armagnac returned. "You speak it in real Parisian."

"She isn't really afraid of you," Dr. Brookfield broke in. "You are a Frenchman, and of course you don't expect any of us Americans to speak French well. But we are all of us afraid of exposing our accents to one another. You can afford to be tolerant, but we are very exacting ourselves."

"Just to punish you," said his daughter-in-law, "I will try a French recitation—just to show you that I am not afraid of you."

"Bravo!" cried the Frenchman.

There was a silence again as Mrs. Brookfield took her place once more before the curtains. Evert remarked how well the dark background brought out the graceful curves of her figure, robed in a blue-gray, which she had discovered to be becoming to her.

"I don't know this at all," she began; "I'm sure I shall never get through with it. And I never could do it as it ought to be done, either."

Then she raised her voice a little and gave the title of her monologue—"Oh, Monsieur!"

Her husband felt that she was sure of herself now, despite her disclaimer; and he knew how coquettishly she could deliver the clever lines of the French dramatist. Her accent was not perfect, of course, but Evert thought that it was unusually good for a foreigner.

When she made an end the applause rose louder than before; and yet her husband was not quite satisfied. He did not know quite what he had expected, but he felt that those who had the privilege of hearing Carla recite ought to be even more enthusiastic.

"Those French chansonnettes are so amusing always," declared Mrs. Carkendale; and again the doctor's eyes met those of Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Jimmy Suydam said, quietly, to Gurney Twiss, who was standing behind her sofa: "She didn't do that badly at all. Of course she isn't Reichemberg; but she's a good deal better looking, I must say. And she knows how to use her eyes, too!"

"Beautiful her eyes are, too, aren't they?" Twiss returned. "And I can't make out whether they are really green or not. What would you call them?"

Mrs. Suydam did not answer this question. She was staring at Twiss without seeing him—a trick of hers when she was deep in thought. "What was that play you wanted me to get up for you?" she asked at last.

"I'm so glad you remembered that," the amateur actor replied. "It's 'Frou Frou'; I've wanted to do *Valréas* for years, and Mrs. Brookfield ought to do *Frou Frou* superbly. She'd need coaching, of course, but Sherrington and I could attend to that."

"Sherrington?" Mrs. Suydam repeated, in doubt.

"You don't know him, of course," Twiss explained. "He's the stage-manager of the Cosmopolitan Theatre. If you get up a big play like 'Frou Frou,' you've got to have a good stage-manager, who knows all the business of the different parts and can work up all the situations, you know."

"No," said Mrs. Jimmy, with a smile, "I don't know. I never had the energy to take part in private theatricals. *Tableaux-vivants*, if you like—that's as far as I care to go. All I have to do then is to stand still."

Gurney Twiss saw his chance here. "All you have to do is to stand still and look lovely! I remember how beautiful it was when you did the *Duchess of Devonshire*, two years ago."

"They made nearly three thousand dollars by those tableaux," said Mrs. Suydam, thoughtfully, taking all praise of her beauty as a matter of course. "The Working-girls' Rest and Recreation League needs ten thousand, at least, to get its summer home, and we ought to have fifteen thousand if we can raise it."

"You get Mrs. Brookfield to play *Frou Frou* at the Metropolitan, and you can fill the house at five dollars a ticket," declared Twiss, emphatically.

"You think so?" Mrs. Suydam returned, again staring at the amateur actor as she lost herself in thought.

"I'm sure of it," he responded. "And we could give a very good performance, too. I'd have professionals for some of the parts; there are so few amateurs who will really work."

"And Mrs. Brookfield?" asked Mrs. Suydam, coming out of her abstraction. "Would she be willing to act at the Metropolitan?"

"Why not?" he answered. "It's for charity."

"Yes," she rejoined, with a smile; "but would Evert Brookfield be as charitable as all that? He might not like to see his wife acting at the Metropolitan."

"Why shouldn't he like it?" Twiss replied. "We'd give a very good show, I'm sure. It would be the society success of the winter. Of course he'd like it!"

"I'm not so sure of that," Mrs. Jimmy returned, looking across the room at Evert, who happened just then to be talking to her husband. "He looks as if he had a will of his own and liked to have his own way."

"I am sure of it," Twiss retorted. "Men like to have their wives admired."

"Some men do," she answered, calmly; "and some men might think that the admiration of an opera-houseful was perhaps a little too much of a good thing."

"Well, Mrs. Brookfield would like to do *Frou Frou*; I'm sure of that, anyway," urged the amateur. "And if she wants to, she can coax him into letting her, can't she?"

"Very likely," Mrs. Jimmy admitted, placidly. "All that will be none of my business. What I want is to make ten thousand dollars for my working-girls. I shouldn't wonder if you were right in thinking that we could get a good deal of money by giving a performance at the Metropolitan; and Mrs. Brookfield certainly is very attractive—especially to men. I wonder if she really would play *Frou Frou* for us?"

"You can persuade her, if anybody can," Twiss rejoined; "and I don't believe it will be such very hard work, either."

"I suppose I've got to get up something, since I've let them make me president of the league," she confessed, as though weary of the subject already.

"I do wish you would!" pleaded Gurney Twiss.

Mrs. Jimmy smiled condescendingly. "Do you want me to make money for the working-girls, or do you want to play—*Val*—what is his name?"

"*Valréas*," he corrected. "I do want to play *Valréas*. But I'm certain you would make a lot of money for your working-girls."

"Well, I'll think about it," Mrs. Suydam said, as though to close the discussion.

"Won't you ask her to-night?" he suggested.

"No," was the quiet answer; "that would not be quite fair, would it?"

There was a movement among the other guests, and Mrs. Carkendale rose to take her leave. Mr. and Mrs. James Schuyler Suydam were the next to go, and she asked what day her hostess was at home, and promised to call next week, as there was a charity she was trying to interest her friends in.

"What did you think of those recitations?" asked Miss Evangelyn. "Quite professional in her accomplishments, isn't she?"

"You mark my words," Miss Kathryn declared, "that Mrs. Brookfield will go on the stage sooner or later. You see if she doesn't."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

A FRIEND of the WEEKLY writes from Denver about a letter, published in the Springfield *Republican*, purporting to be written to one Dillon, in Lowell, Massachusetts, by James F. Dunn, of Lowell, who claims to be fighting in the Boer army in South Africa. Dunn tells remarkable stories of Boer valor and British incapacity, and dwells especially on the number of Outlanders in the Boer army, and their remarkable fighting qualities. There is an Irish brigade, he says, of 2500, most of them from California and the West, commanded by Colonel Blake, a West-Pointer; also a German brigade of 2000 under trained German officers; also a mixed brigade of French, Scotch, and English. Dunn's letter is sprightly, slangy, and energetic in style, and contains allusions to events that newspaper readers know about, as well as a good deal of eye-witness narrative. Our friend in Denver thinks the letter is bogus, and possibly he is right. It reads very much more like a feat of literature than like an authentic record of feats of arms. It could have been written in Lowell, and there are very competent literary gentlemen in Lowell who could have written it. We have had ample experience of the untrustworthiness of sensational soldiers' letters from the Philippines. A soldier's letter is of very little value as a historical document unless one knows the soldier. Letters actually written by actual soldiers in Luzon have been found to be highly imaginative. Letters purporting to be written by unidentified Irishmen fighting in South Africa are entitled, on general principles, to be taken with an allowance of salt.

THE fund for Mrs. Lawton promises to reach $100,000. At last accounts it lacked only $2000 of that sum. One officer's widow, at least, is well provided for. There are others, as the widows of Commander Gridley of the navy, and of General Guy V. Henry, for whom ampler government provision than has yet been made would seem due.

YALE, in these days, is reported to be wrestling with the Sophomore society octopus, the workings of which seem to be far from satisfactory, except to the constituent entities of the octopus itself. The trouble seems to be that too many of the members of two or three Sophomore secret societies get into the secret Senior societies, and leave too little room for other deserving youths. This means that the social preferment of too many of the members of each class at Yale is settled permanently in Sophomore year, which is a great deal too soon. Even the men who don't attain to one of the Yale Senior elysiums feel that they were entitled to have the cheering possibility of doing so to lead them along as far as into Junior year. To be conducted into outer darkness and have the door barred in Freshman or Sophomore year seems to them to involve a ruthless precocity of doom which they don't like. So they are trying to rebel; but to rebel against secret societies which are committing no overt misbehaviors is uphill work. To the outsider, whose information is necessarily incomplete, it seems as if the present society system at Yale was a good deal of an oligarchy; but of course it has zealous defenders as well as bitter critics. Until the lion and the lamb come to terms, and each of us is more solicitous for his brother's happiness than his own, the strength of college societies, as well as of clubs and social organizations of many sorts outside of college, will probably lie largely in their exclusiveness. Societies that cannot choose the men they want and get the men they choose will hardly be efficient as societies, for the prime object of most societies is to secure for their members powers, privileges, pleasures, and emoluments in greater abundance than is attainable by persons not of their fold. The Yale societies are, apparently, highly successful in compassing these ends, and that seems to be the great trouble with them as regarded by the rest of the Yale community. But no doubt they perform an important office in the university. They offer an incentive to ambition. They try, to a certain extent, to attract the ablest men that are available. They wish their members to be "prominent," and if a man, by the exercise of his brains or muscles, can attain to sufficient prominence, he usually gets into them. But present complaint, as it finds expression in the newspapers, is not against the Yale society system in general, but against the Sophomore societies alone, and the fault that is found with them is that membership in them has come to be too sure a preliminary to membership in the more important organizations of Junior and Senior year. When lads at Andover and the other big preparatory schools are able, by pledging themselves to join certain societies at Yale, to make reasonably sure of their social preferment in and all through, college, it seems to mean that the machinery has become somewhat too highly perfected. No doubt this is to some extent an inevitable evil, but the effort to minimize it seems a worthy effort, the success of which should be desired.

THERE is uncertainty at Yale over the important question of who is entitled to wear across his chest the big blue "Y" that signifies membership in a 'varsity team. It appears that members of the golf team, the basket-ball team, the gymnastic team, the chess team, and the various teams of debaters claim property-rights in the "Y," and there is danger that the diffusion of the emblem will be so great as to impair its distinction. This, however, is a matter that can be arbitrarily settled, as no doubt it will be.

FOR the last twenty-five years one of the particulars in which New York has differed from most other American cities has been that she has had no soldiers and sailors' monument. For a long time her chief memento of the civil war was the Farragut Monument in Madison Square. Since the Grant Monument was completed she has been better equipped. The Grant Monument, whether it is handsome or not, is substantial and dignified and has an admirable site, and it might be contended that it answers pretty well most of the uses which soldiers and sailors' monuments commonly serve.

Does the town need any other? A plan has long been made for one, and has been accepted by the city, and has been repeatedly reconstructed to make it suit various different sites. It is proposed now to build the monument this plan calls for on the Riverside Drive near Ninetieth Street. But there seems to be a very widespread disinclination to have this monument built. Folks living near the proposed site have got out injunctions against it as a cruel obstruction to their view. Although the design was the result of a competition, many architects and sculptors and other persons wise in art say that it is not good enough, or at least is not suited to any site that has been proposed for it. Of persons who do want it built a considerable proportion want to have it built and done with, so that a subject that has too long engaged the public mind may be changed.

There is no doubt that the designers of the monument ought to be paid for their work, but that their design should be immortalized in marble is not so clear. The present status of the whole matter is unsatisfactory. Another monument project, the Naval Arch, seems also to be hanging fire. If by some stroke of inspiration these two projects could be merged, and the arch that now obstructs Madison Square could be built in marble in some good place and made to commemorate all the American wars of the nineteenth century, it would simplify matters in many particulars and relieve a good many minds, and would insure to the city an adornment of great beauty and importance.

MR. HERBERT PUTNAM, the Librarian of the Congressional Library, makes an interesting discourse in the February *Atlantic* about the history and the needs of that institution. He compares it with the British Museum, and contrasts the liberality of the British government and of private donors to the Museum with the course of Congress towards its Library. The comparison, to be sure, is somewhat loose, for it is only of late, since its new building has been completed, that we have thought very much of this Congressional Library as a national collection and museum. After the fire of 1851 the Library had only 20,000 volumes left. Since then the regular appropriations for the purchase of books have amounted to about $250,000, and special appropriations to buy collections that came into the market seem not to have exceeded $150,000. The Library has never received a gift of money from a private donor, and only three or four important gifts of any sort. Since 1845 the British Museum has had £10,000 a year to spend on books, besides many important special grants, and has, besides, received gifts of immense value.

For our Library $25,000 was appropriated in 1899 to buy books. It is more than usual, but Mr. Putnam says it is barely enough to keep up with current publications, without attempting to supply deficiencies. He says, too, that the Library should have an available fund of not less than $100,000 with which to buy books that it ought to have when sales of collections occur. Unless it has such a fund it cannot hope to compete with other libraries.

ANOTHER library whose officers are speaking for is the public library of New York. There is a bill before the State Legislature to remove the limit in the appropriation of $2,500,000 for the erection of the new building in Bryant Park. It appears, from what President Bigelow says, that the appropriation was probably sufficient when it was made, but that the cost of building has increased so much that it is no longer possible to carry out the plans for the sum provided. The plans are a joy to the æsthetic sense of the city, and ought undoubtedly to be carried out according to the hopes of their designers.

BOSTON is morose because trains that aspire to enter the new South Station tend persistently to try to use the same track at the same time, with results which, though not very grave, are highly exasperating to passengers. An extraordinary succession of small collisions and other accidents has made the newspapers blossom with indignant letters from correspondents, who seem to doubt the maxim, so much and so generally respected, that whatever is in Boston is right. Inasmuch as the tracks leading to the new terminal seem to have been properly laid, it is probable that in due time the railroads which use them will get the hang of their convolutions.

THE mind of the American public has not settled to the consideration of gold-mining since the Spanish war came to a head and distracted public attention from the Klondike. It will be recalled that interest in the Klondike was still growing when the *Maine* was sunk. Newspaper correspondents had gone north in large numbers, more were going, and the Klondike promised to be a fruitful topic for at least six months. Suddenly down went the *Maine*, and after that all the Klondike stories were condensed and printed in smaller type without leads.

The Klondike staid where it was, however, and the Klondikers have ever since been digging gold, and freezing, or fighting mosquitoes. We hear more or less about them, but the chief source of current gold stories is the new fields at Cape Nome. They seem to be pretty good diggings. They were found and scratched a little late in 1898. Last summer was their first real experience of shovel and pan, and they yielded two or three million dollars. Next summer, we are told, they will yield about nine millions, and eventually, with proper machinery, a vast sum—$75,000,000 a year, perhaps, or more. There are no Boers at Cape Nome. All the country thereabouts is American territory. Asia is about 200 miles away, with plenty of deep salt water between, and the British possessions, including the Klondike country, are 600 miles or more to the East. A big peninsula pushes westward from Alaska, far to the north of the Aleutian Islands, into Bering Strait. Its western extremity is the point where North America comes nearest to Asia. On the south side of it is Cape Nome. The place is cold. There is no wood there, except what drifts ashore or is carried there in ships. There is no indigenous coal at present, either. It seems to have no convenient harbor, and the wind, they say, is brisk and searching all the time. Still, the place has the advantage of the Klondike in being accessible to ships. When you get there and get ashore you are at the diggings, and there is no Chilkoot Pass to overcome. There seems to be a great deal of gold in that country. The chief vegetation is moss, which reindeer will eat. The local waters yield salmon, salmon-trout, rock-cod, occasional whales, and some seals, but the land supplies little to eat.

If there is as much gold in Alaska as we are told, and the appetite for gold in the rest of the world does not lose its edge, there are bound to be some of the most curious cities and settlements up there that the hand of man ever fashioned. It will be a fine country for tourists, and will fit well into a tour of the Pacific, including Siberia, Japan, China, the Philippines, and Hawaii.

DOES every one know in what notable physical particulars the Eskimos who live in the far North differ from us temperate-zone people? It will be remembered that half a dozen or more Eskimos came to New York two years ago from the arctic zone with one of Lieutenant Peary's homing parties. Most of them died presently of pneumonia, to the distress, and somewhat to the indignation, of the public. Of several of them careful autopsies were made, and, not a little to the excitement of our medical world, it was discovered that the Eskimo intestine was about four feet shorter than ours is, and that his liver was not shaped like what we have been used to call a human liver, but was more like that of a dog. The Eskimo, apparently, is so constructed that he can live and thrive under such conditions and on such a diet as he can command at home.

THERE was a call from the Philippines the other day for dentists. Whether it is that the climate is especially bad for teeth, or merely that American teeth need attention in every climate, has not transpired, but it is sure that the American teeth in the Philippines need looking after. It seems that in consequence of this and other calls it has been proposed to include a corps of dentists in the army, and to commission its members, giving them the rank of major. There is objection to this project, as might be expected, for the social position of dentists, though it seems to be steadily rising, is still in the transition state, and is not yet established on so high a plane as that of the doctors of medicine. No doubt, too, there is a feeling that the officers of the army are fighting-men, or men necessary to military action, whereas dentists are, by profession, men of peace, and would so continue to be even though they filled soldiers' teeth. So there is likely to be a good deal of friction over this new proposition.

A very simple way out of the embarrassment is to declare that teeth, like umbrellas, are unmilitary, and that it does not become a soldier to bother with them. In civil-war times it was necessary to have teeth in order to bite off cartridges, but cartridges nowadays are differently constructed and don't require biting. A farrier in the army has as yet no commission, though it is proposed to have commissioned veterinary surgeons. Surgeons and chaplains have commissions. Shall dentists rank with farriers or with surgeons?

commonplaces, he turned from the stately dowager to the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Barry, asking her how long she had been in the country and what she thought of America.

"Oh, I'm an American myself," she replied, promptly. "I'm from the So'th; but I lived in New York for three or four years. I remember you, Mr. Carkendale, even if you don't remember me."

The president of the Methuselah Life could not recall any earlier meeting with Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Barry laughed merrily. "I wasn't Mrs. Barry then; I was a reporter for the *Gazette*, and I was sent up to get an interview out of you."

Mrs. Winston-Smith's expression was one of horrified amazement that the son of an English earl could have married a female reporter. Evert's face was grave, but his eye twinkled as he saw that Mrs. Winston-Smith had received a shock.

"You talked very easily," Mrs. Barry continued, "and it was good stuff, too. I was told to get two sticks, but I made it half a column, and it wasn't cut down at all."

Mr. Carkendale was tactless enough to acknowledge that he remembered the interview printed in the *Gazette*—about two years ago, wasn't it?—but he did not recall the interviewer.

Evert left Mr. Carkendale and Mrs. Barry to right themselves as best they could, and took a seat beside Mrs. Winston-Smith.

"How lovely your wife looks to-night!" she began, benignantly.

"Do you think so?" he returned, glancing across the room at Carla talking to Twiss and d'Armagnac and Jimmy Suydam and the Hon. Gilbert Barry, while his father was sitting with the Bartlett girls on one side of him, and Mrs. Suydam and Mrs. Carkendale on the other.

"Don't you think so?" Mrs. Winston-Smith responded.

"Oh yes!" he answered. "I always think that she is lovely. But then I may be prejudiced in her favor."

"Apparently the rest of the men are also prejudiced in her favor to-night," Mrs. Winston-Smith replied. "But I don't wonder; she has such charming manners."

The husband of the woman thus directly complimented liked to hear her praised, but he preferred that the eulogy should not be quite so bald. He made no immediate response, and Mrs. Winston-Smith did her duty in keeping up the conversation.

"So few young women have any manners at all nowadays," she declared. "They have no deference for their elders—none at all. Now, when I was a girl—"

Evert Brookfield never learned what happened to Mrs. Winston-Smith when she was a girl, for that lady interrupted herself abruptly when she saw the four men around Mrs. Brookfield rise, one after the other, saying, in turn, "Please do, Mrs. Brookfield!"

"What is it they want your wife to do?" Mrs. Winston-Smith asked. "Not skirt dancing, I hope? Nothing of that sort, I beg, although they do say it is done in the Prince's set in London."

Gurney Twiss and d'Armagnac came across to Evert.

"We want Mrs. Brookfield to recite," said the amateur actor.

"We ask her to say us something," the Frenchman added.

Evert was rejoiced always when his wife received attention. He liked to see her make an impression. He was glad of the pleasure it gave her; and he was quite aware also that it pleased him as well.

He crossed over to her. "Why don't you recite something, Carla?" he began.

"Oh, it's our own house," she answered. "Do you think it would be nice? Besides, I'm not sure that I really remember anything. It is ever so long since I recited last."

"You must remember something," he urged; "there's that thing of Bret Harte's you recited for father a month or two ago."

"Oh, 'Her Letter,'" she responded, less doubtfully. "Well, I don't know but perhaps I could recite that—if you really insist;" and she looked around at the circle of men about her.

And all five of them assured her promptly that they really insisted.

She arose with a light little laugh, and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"If I must," she said, as she walked toward the bow-window at the end of the room, the heavy curtains of which had been dropped. "But I don't think it is fair to ask me to try to recite now," she began, as she took her position before the draperies; "really, I don't. I'm not at all sure that I remember it at all. And it will be perfectly dreadful if I break down!"

Then she looked at the men who had besought her, and shook her head at them. "I shall never forgive you if I do," she added—"never, never!"

"But you won't break down," said her husband, encouragingly, as the men withdrew from that end of the room and took their seats by the side of the other women.

Evert's pulse quickened a little as he noticed the tremble in his wife's voice when she announced the title of the poem she was about to recite—"Her Letter." He remarked that she spoke the first stanza very fast:

"I'm sitting alone by the fire,
  Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire,—
  It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
  My hair is done up in a cue;
In short, sir, the 'belle of the season'
  Is wasting an hour on you."

Then her confidence came to her again, and the rest of the poem was spoken with less precipitation. Her husband listened to it with intense pleasure, although he knew that her delivery was not perfect, and that it might even be called singsong. But in his eyes the woman reciting was far more charming than the woman who was the heroine of the poem, and this would have satisfied him even if Carla had not been able to suggest the undercurrent of feeling flowing beneath the polished lines of the poet. A lump was ready to rise in his throat, and a tear almost came to his eye, when his wife recalled the memory

"Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
  Of the dress of my queer vis-à-vis;
And how I once went down the middle
  With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

"Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
  On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
  From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
  Of—the something you said at the gate.
Ah! Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
  To 'the best-paying lead in the State.'"

When she finished, Evert had great difficulty in not leading the applause which broke out, and in which even Mrs. Suydam took part.

"Very pretty," said Mrs. Winston-Smith—"very pretty, indeed."

"Fetching, isn't it?" the Hon. Gilbert Barry asked his wife.

TSU TSI, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA

From a Chinese Portrait.

The Empress is the dominant power in Chinese politics, and is now reported to have caused the abdication of the Emperor Kwang Shu, of whose progressive methods she does not approve.

"I do wish Mrs. Brookfield would recite something else," Mrs. Barry urged.

"Say us something in French," said d'Armagnac.

"In French? Before you?" Evert heard his wife answer, raising her eyes suddenly to the Frenchman's. "I'd never dare do that!"

"But you speak French so well," d'Armagnac returned. "You speak it in real Parisian."

"She isn't really afraid of you," Dr. Brookfield broke in. "You are a Frenchman, and of course you don't expect any of us Americans to speak French well. But we are all of us afraid of exposing our accents to one another. You can afford to be tolerant, but we are very exacting ourselves."

"Just to punish you," said his daughter-in-law, "I will try a French recitation—just to show you that I am not afraid of you."

"Bravo!" cried the Frenchman.

There was a silence again as Mrs. Brookfield took her place once more before the curtains. Evert remarked how well the dark background brought out the graceful curves of her figure, robed in a blue-gray, which she had discovered to be becoming to her.

"I don't know this at all," she began; "I'm sure I shall never get through with it. And I never could do it as it ought to be done, either."

Then she raised her voice a little and gave the title of her monologue—"Oh, Monsieur!"

Her husband felt that she was sure of herself now, despite her disclaimer; and he knew how coquettishly she could deliver the clever lines of the French dramatist. Her accent was not perfect, of course, but Evert thought that it was unusually good for a foreigner.

When she made an end the applause rose louder than before; and yet her husband was not quite satisfied. He did not know quite what he had expected, but he felt that those who had the privilege of hearing Carla recite ought to be even more enthusiastic.

"Those French chansonnettes are so amusing always," declared Mrs. Carkendale; and again the doctor's eyes met those of Mrs. Barry.

Mrs. Jimmy Suydam said, quietly, to Gurney Twiss, who was standing behind her sofa: "She didn't do that badly at all. Of course she isn't Reichemberg; but she's a good deal better looking, I must say. And she knows how to use her eyes, too!"

"Beautiful her eyes are, too, aren't they?" Twiss returned. "And I can't make out whether they are really green or not. What would you call them?"

Mrs. Suydam did not answer this question. She was staring at Twiss without seeing him—a trick of hers when she was deep in thought. "What was that play you wanted me to get up for you?" she asked at last.

"I'm so glad you remembered that," the amateur actor replied. "It's 'Frou Frou'; I've wanted to do *Valréas* for years, and Mrs. Brookfield ought to do *Frou Frou* superbly. She'd need coaching, of course, but Sherrington and I could attend to that."

"Sherrington?" Mrs. Suydam repeated, in doubt.

"You don't know him, of course," Twiss explained. "He's the stage-manager of the Cosmopolitan Theatre. If you get up a big play like 'Frou Frou,' you've got to have a good stage-manager, who knows all the business of the different parts and can work up all the situations, you know."

"No," said Mrs. Jimmy, with a smile, "I don't know. I never had the energy to take part in private theatricals. *Tableaux-vivants*, if you like—that's as far as I care to go. All I have to do then is to stand still."

Gurney Twiss saw his chance here. "All you have to do is to stand still and look lovely! I remember how beautiful it was when you did the *Duchess of Devonshire*, two years ago."

"They made nearly three thousand dollars by those tableaux," said Mrs. Suydam, thoughtfully, taking all praise of her beauty as a matter of course. "The Working-girls' Rest and Recreation League needs ten thousand, at least, to get its summer home, and we ought to have fifteen thousand if we can raise it."

"You get Mrs. Brookfield to play *Frou Frou* at the Metropolitan, and you can fill the house at five dollars a ticket," declared Twiss, emphatically.

"You think so?" Mrs. Suydam returned, again staring at the amateur actor as she lost herself in thought.

"I'm sure of it," he responded. "And we could give a very good performance, too. I'd have professionals for some of the parts; there are so few amateurs who will really work."

"And Mrs. Brookfield?" asked Mrs. Suydam, coming out of her abstraction. "Would she be willing to act at the Metropolitan?"

"Why not?" he answered. "It's for charity."

"Yes," she rejoined, with a smile; "but would Evert Brookfield be as charitable as all that? He might not like to see his wife acting at the Metropolitan."

"Why shouldn't he like it?" Twiss replied. "We'd give a very good show, I'm sure. It would be the society success of the winter. Of course he'd like it!"

"I'm not so sure of that," Mrs. Jimmy returned, looking across the room at Evert, who happened just then to be talking to her husband. "He looks as if he had a will of his own and liked to have his own way."

"I am sure of it," Twiss retorted. "Men like to have their wives admired."

"Some men do," she answered, calmly; "and some men might think that the admiration of an opera-houseful was perhaps a little too much of a good thing."

"Well, Mrs. Brookfield would like to do *Frou Frou*; I'm sure of that, anyway," urged the amateur. "And if she wants to, she can coax him into letting her, can't she?"

"Very likely," Mrs. Jimmy admitted, placidly. "All that will be none of my business. What I want is to make ten thousand dollars for my working-girls. I shouldn't wonder if you were right in thinking that we could get a good deal of money by giving a performance at the Metropolitan; and Mrs. Brookfield certainly is very attractive—especially to men. I wonder if she really would play *Frou Frou* for us?"

"You can persuade her, if anybody can," Twiss rejoined; "and I don't believe it will be such very hard work, either."

"I suppose I've got to get up something, since I've let them make me president of the league," she confessed, as though weary of the subject already.

"I do wish you would!" pleaded Gurney Twiss.

Mrs. Jimmy smiled condescendingly. "Do you want me to make money for the working-girls, or do you want to play—*Val*—what is his name?"

"*Valréas*," he corrected. "I do want to play *Valréas*. But I'm certain you would make a lot of money for your working-girls."

"Well, I'll think about it," Mrs. Suydam said, as though to close the discussion.

"Won't you ask her to-night?" he suggested.

"No," was the quiet answer; "that would not be quite fair, would it?"

There was a movement among the other guests, and Mrs. Carkendale rose to take her leave. Mr. and Mrs. James Schuyler Suydam were the next to go, and she asked what day her hostess was at home, and promised to call next week, as there was a charity she was trying to interest her friends in.

"What did you think of those recitations?" asked Miss Evangelyn. "Quite professional in her accomplishments, isn't she?"

"You mark my words," Miss Kathryn declared, "that Mrs. Brookfield will go on the stage sooner or later. You see if she doesn't."

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THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

A FRIEND of the WEEKLY writes from Denver about a letter, published in the Springfield *Republican*, purporting to be written to one Dillon, in Lowell, Massachusetts, by James F. Dunn, of Lowell, who claims to be fighting in the Boer army in South Africa. Dunn tells remarkable stories of Boer valor and British incapacity, and dwells especially on the number of Outlanders in the Boer army, and their remarkable fighting qualities. There is an Irish brigade, he says, of 2500, most of them from California and the West, commanded by Colonel Blake, a West-Pointer; also a German brigade of 2000 under trained German officers; also a mixed brigade of French, Scotch, and English. Dunn's letter is sprightly, slangy, and energetic in style, and contains allusions to events that newspaper readers know about, as well as a good deal of eye-witness narrative. Our friend in Denver thinks the letter is bogus, and possibly he is right. It reads very much more like a feat of literature than like an authentic record of feats of arms. It could have been written in Lowell, and there are very competent literary gentlemen in Lowell who could have written it. We have had ample experience of the untrustworthiness of sensational soldiers' letters from the Philippines. A soldier's letter is of very little value as a historical document unless one knows the soldier. Letters actually written by actual soldiers in Luzon have been found to be highly imaginative. Letters purporting to be written by unidentified Irishmen fighting in South Africa are entitled, on general principles, to be taken with an allowance of salt.

THE fund for Mrs. Lawton promises to reach $100,000. At last accounts it lacked only $2000 of that sum. One officer's widow, at least, is well provided for. There are others, as the widows of Commander Gridley of the navy, and of General Guy V. Henry, for whom ampler government provision than has yet been made would seem due.

YALE, in these days, is reported to be wrestling with the Sophomore society octopus, the workings of which seem to be far from satisfactory, except to the constituent entities of the octopus itself. The trouble seems to be that too many of the members of two or three Sophomore secret societies get into the secret Senior societies, and leave too little room for other deserving youths. This means that the social preferment of too many of the members of each class at Yale is settled permanently in Sophomore year, which is a great deal too soon. Even the men who don't attain to one of the Yale Senior elysiums feel that they were entitled to have the cheering possibility of doing so to lead them along as far as into Junior year. To be conducted into outer darkness and have the door barred in Freshman or Sophomore year seems to them to involve a ruthless precocity of doom which they don't like. So they are trying to rebel; but to rebel against secret societies which are committing no overt misbehaviors is uphill work. To the outsider, whose information is necessarily incomplete, it seems as if the present society system at Yale was a good deal of an oligarchy; but of course it has zealous defenders as well as bitter critics. Until the lion and the lamb come to terms, and each of us is more solicitous for his brother's happiness than his own, the strength of college societies, as well as of clubs and social organizations of many sorts outside of college, will probably lie largely in their exclusiveness. Societies that cannot choose the men they want and get the men they choose will hardly be efficient as societies, for the prime object of most societies is to secure for their members powers, privileges, pleasures, and emoluments in greater abundance than is attainable by persons not of their fold. The Yale societies are, apparently, highly successful in compassing these ends, and that seems to be the great trouble with them as regarded by the rest of the Yale community. But no doubt they perform an important office in the university. They offer an incentive to ambition. They try, to a certain extent, to attract the ablest men that are available. They wish their members to be "prominent," and if a man, by the exercise of his brains or muscles, can attain to sufficient prominence, he usually gets into them. But present complaint, as it finds expression in the newspapers, is not against the Yale society system in general, but against the Sophomore societies alone, and the fault that is found with them is that membership in them has come to be too sure a preliminary to membership in the more important organizations of Junior and Senior year. When lads at Andover and the other big preparatory schools are able, by pledging themselves to join certain societies at Yale, to make reasonably sure of their social preferment in and all through, college, it seems to mean that the machinery has become somewhat too highly perfected. No doubt this is to some extent an inevitable evil, but the effort to minimize it seems a worthy effort, the success of which should be desired.

THERE is uncertainty at Yale over the important question of who is entitled to wear across his chest the big blue "Y" that signifies membership in a 'varsity team. It appears that members of the golf team, the basket-ball team, the gymnastic team, the chess team, and the various teams of debaters claim property-rights in the "Y," and there is danger that the diffusion of the emblem will be so great as to impair its distinction. This, however, is a matter that can be arbitrarily settled, as no doubt it will be.

FOR the last twenty-five years one of the particulars in which New York has differed from most other American cities has been that she has had no soldiers and sailors' monument. For a long time her chief memento of the civil war was the Farragut Monument in Madison Square. Since the Grant Monument was completed she has been better equipped. The Grant Monument, whether it is handsome or not, is substantial and dignified and has an admirable site, and it might be contended that it answers pretty well most of the uses which soldiers and sailors' monuments commonly serve.

Does the town need any other? A plan has long been made for one, and has been accepted by the city, and has been repeatedly reconstructed to make it suit various different sites. It is proposed now to build the monument this plan calls for on the Riverside Drive near Ninetieth Street. But there seems to be a very widespread disinclination to have this monument built. Folks living near the proposed site have got out injunctions against it as a cruel obstruction to their view. Although the design was the result of a competition, many architects and sculptors and other persons wise in art say that it is not good enough, or at least is not suited to any site that has been proposed for it. Of persons who do want it built a considerable proportion want to have it built and done with, so that a subject that has too long engaged the public mind may be changed.

There is no doubt that the designers of the monument ought to be paid for their work, but that their design should be immortalized in marble is not so clear. The present status of the whole matter is unsatisfactory. Another monument project, the Naval Arch, seems also to be hanging fire. If by some stroke of inspiration these two projects could be merged, and the arch that now obstructs Madison Square could be built in marble in some good place and made to commemorate all the American wars of the nineteenth century, it would simplify matters in many particulars and relieve a good many minds, and would insure to the city an adornment of great beauty and importance.

MR. HERBERT PUTNAM, the Librarian of the Congressional Library, makes an interesting discourse in the February *Atlantic* about the history and the needs of that institution. He compares it with the British Museum, and contrasts the liberality of the British government and of private donors to the Museum with the course of Congress towards its Library. The comparison, to be sure, is somewhat loose, for it is only of late, since its new building has been completed, that we have thought very much of this Congressional Library as a national collection and museum. After the fire of 1851 the Library had only 20,000 volumes left. Since then the regular appropriations for the purchase of books have amounted to about $250,000, and special appropriations to buy collections that came into the market seem not to have exceeded $150,000. The Library has never received a gift of money from a private donor, and only three or four important gifts of any sort. Since 1845 the British Museum has had £10,000 a year to spend on books, besides many important special grants, and has, besides, received gifts of immense value.

For our Library $25,000 was appropriated in 1899 to buy books. It is more than usual, but Mr. Putnam says it is barely enough to keep up with current publications, without attempting to supply deficiencies. He says, too, that the Library should have an available fund of not less than $100,000 with which to buy books that it ought to have when sales of collections occur. Unless it has such a fund it cannot hope to compete with other libraries.

ANOTHER library whose officers are speaking for is the public library of New York. There is a bill before the State Legislature to remove the limit in the appropriation of $2,500,000 for the erection of the new building in Bryant Park. It appears, from what President Bigelow says, that the appropriation was probably sufficient when it was made, but that the cost of building has increased so much that it is no longer possible to carry out the plans for the sum provided. The plans are a joy to the æsthetic sense of the city, and ought undoubtedly to be carried out according to the hopes of their designers.

BOSTON is morose because trains that aspire to enter the new South Station tend persistently to try to use the same track at the same time, with results which, though not very grave, are highly exasperating to passengers. An extraordinary succession of small collisions and other accidents has made the newspapers blossom with indignant letters from correspondents, who seem to doubt the maxim, so much and so generally respected, that whatever is in Boston is right. Inasmuch as the tracks leading to the new terminal seem to have been properly laid, it is probable that in due time the railroads which use them will get the hang of their convolutions.

THE mind of the American public has not settled to the consideration of gold-mining since the Spanish war came to a head and distracted public attention from the Klondike. It will be recalled that interest in the Klondike was still growing when the *Maine* was sunk. Newspaper correspondents had gone north in large numbers, more were going, and the Klondike promised to be a fruitful topic for at least six months. Suddenly down went the *Maine*, and after that all the Klondike stories were condensed and printed in smaller type without leads.

The Klondike staid where it was, however, and the Klondikers have ever since been digging gold, and freezing, or fighting mosquitoes. We hear more or less about them, but the chief source of current gold stories is the new fields at Cape Nome. They seem to be pretty good diggings. They were found and scratched a little late in 1898. Last summer was their first real experience of shovel and pan, and they yielded two or three million dollars. Next summer, we are told, they will yield about nine millions, and eventually, with proper machinery, a vast sum—$75,000,000 a year, perhaps, or more. There are no Boers at Cape Nome. All the country thereabouts is American territory. Asia is about 200 miles away, with plenty of deep salt water between, and the British possessions, including the Klondike country, are 600 miles or more to the East. A big peninsula pushes westward from Alaska, far to the north of the Aleutian Islands, into Bering Strait. Its western extremity is the point where North America comes nearest to Asia. On the south side of it is Cape Nome. The place is cold. There is no wood there, except what drifts ashore or is carried there in ships. There is no indigenous coal at present, either. It seems to have no convenient harbor, and the wind, they say, is brisk and searching all the time. Still, the place has the advantage of the Klondike in being accessible to ships. When you get there and get ashore you are at the diggings, and there is no Chilkoot Pass to overcome. There seems to be a great deal of gold in that country. The chief vegetation is moss, which reindeer will eat. The local waters yield salmon, salmon-trout, rock-cod, occasional whales, and some seals, but the land supplies little to eat.

If there is as much gold in Alaska as we are told, and the appetite for gold in the rest of the world does not lose its edge, there are bound to be some of the most curious cities and settlements up there that the hand of man ever fashioned. It will be a fine country for tourists, and will fit well into a tour of the Pacific, including Siberia, Japan, China, the Philippines, and Hawaii.

DOES every one know in what notable physical particulars the Eskimos who live in the far North differ from us temperate-zone people? It will be remembered that half a dozen or more Eskimos came to New York two years ago from the arctic zone with one of Lieutenant Peary's homing parties. Most of them died presently of pneumonia, to the distress, and somewhat to the indignation, of the public. Of several of them careful autopsies were made, and, not a little to the excitement of our medical world, it was discovered that the Eskimo intestine was about four feet shorter than ours is, and that his liver was not shaped like what we have been used to call a human liver, but was more like that of a dog. The Eskimo, apparently, is so constructed that he can live and thrive under such conditions and on such a diet as he can command at home.

THERE was a call from the Philippines the other day for dentists. Whether it is that the climate is especially bad for teeth, or merely that American teeth need attention in every climate, has not transpired, but it is sure that the American teeth in the Philippines need looking after. It seems that in consequence of this and other calls it has been proposed to include a corps of dentists in the army, and to commission its members, giving them the rank of major. There is objection to this project, as might be expected, for the social position of dentists, though it seems to be steadily rising, is still in the transition state, and is not yet established on so high a plane as that of the doctors of medicine. No doubt, too, there is a feeling that the officers of the army are fighting-men, or men necessary to military action, whereas dentists are, by profession, men of peace, and would so continue to be even though they filled soldiers' teeth. So there is likely to be a good deal of friction over this new proposition.

A very simple way out of the embarrassment is to declare that teeth, like umbrellas, are unmilitary, and that it does not become a soldier to bother with them. In civil-war times it was necessary to have teeth in order to bite off cartridges, but cartridges nowadays are differently constructed and don't require biting. A farrier in the army has as yet no commission, though it is proposed to have commissioned veterinary surgeons. Surgeons and chaplains have commissions. Shall dentists' rank with farriers or with surgeons?

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS
BY SYDNEY BROOKS

EASILY the greatest fact of the South-African war, the fact which overshadows all its ephemeral incidents, is the splendid and spontaneous rally of the British Empire to the side of the mother-country. Hardly had the first troops been despatched to Cape Town before the great self-governing colonies sent in their offers of assistance. The movement came wholly from within. Great Britain, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier said, had no right to demand one man or one cent from Canada. The imperial government neither asked for help nor even suggested that help was needed. The tender of support sprang from the unprompted and enthusiastic impulse of the colonies themselves—an offering as freely rendered as it was thankfully accepted. That impulse was felt throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire. The imperial reveille was no sooner sounded than every quarter of the British world woke to the response. From the five great divisions that are soon to form the Commonwealth of Australasia, from New Zealand, from the Malay Peninsula, from Hong-kong, from British Columbia, from the Dominion of Canada, from lonely possessions on the western coasts of Africa, from Egypt, from Ceylon, and—most significant of all—from the native princes of India came an answering note of loyalty and patriotism that was as unforced and instinctive in its devotion to England as that of the English people themselves. This is not England's war alone. It is Australia's war and Canada's war, and the war of an empire that is no longer a collection of entities, but a unified and vibrating whole. And that is not only the greatest fact of the present war, it is one of the greatest facts in all English history. It is even more than that. This voluntary union of free and independent communities, in spite of all their differences of interests, temperament, and environment, on behalf of a cause which, rightly and wrongly, appeals to their common patriotism and conscience, is a spectacle to which the whole world has never shown a parallel.

THE mainspring of this imperial uprising is to be found, of course, in that passionate love of England and the Queen of England which is perhaps the nearest approach to a common religion that British subjects, or any other subjects, possess. Even the phenomenal and ubiquitous tactlessness of Downing Street has not been able to make more than an inroad here and there into that impregnable sentiment. But it is worth noting that the self-governing colonies also explain the motives of their support on other and more tangible grounds. Many of them have had their own Uitlander problems to deal with, and in each case the claims of the old residents and the newcomers have been adjusted by pursuing a precisely opposite policy to that followed by President Kruger. Victoria and New South Wales were both submerged by the inrush of foreigners in the early days of the gold discoveries, yet no such situation resulted as has led to the Transvaal war. In Western Australia, only five years ago, not less than 25,000 people, drawn thither by the opening of the Coolgardie gold-mines, claimed and received full Parliamentary representation. The local population in the Canadian districts of the Yukon is at this moment completely outnumbered by the American Uitlanders, who have taken the lead in developing the newly found mining industries; yet nobody doubts that if these Uitlanders care to become naturalized they will be allowed to do so, and if they want to vote for members of the Provincial or Federal Parliament the right of suffrage will be given them. Australia and Canada have both learned by experience that the only way to avoid such grievances as the Uitlanders in the Transvaal complained of is to set up an easy process of naturalization and of periodic Parliamentary redistribution. They had therefore a natural fellow-feeling for the Uitlanders who were oppressed by the very system of government which they themselves had had the good sense not to employ. Australia, too, and with it New Zealand, has an obvious interest in the maintenance of British rule in Cape Town, which is as much the half-way house to their ports as it is, or rather used to be, to India. The colonies, as their newspapers show, are thick-and-thin believers in the somewhat fantastic theory that the Transvaal Boers were conspiring with the Dutch of the Orange Free State and Cape Colony and Natal for the overthrow of British predominance in South Africa; and they realize quite well that their own security depends on the security of the whole empire, no one portion of which can be endangered without putting the remainder into serious jeopardy.

THESE, however, are not sufficiently strong motives to explain the unstinted outpouring of colonial men and money. Nations very rarely fight simply for self-interest. English-speaking peoples, in particular, have to be convinced that they have a moral cause behind them before they will draw the sword. It is quite impossible, for instance, to imagine Canadians or New-Zealanders joining in the present struggle if they believed its only object to be the acquisition of gold-mines or territory. They see in the war a clear conflict between two ideals—the British ideal of equal rights and the Transvaal ideal of the right divine of a chosen oligarchy. There would have been no war, said the Canadian Premier, if the Transvaal government had given the British settlers the liberties which all enjoy under the British flag in Canada; and the same cry comes from all the other colonies. They are convinced, in short, that Great Britain is fighting another of her innumerable battles for the true principles of freedom; and it is probably this conviction, more than anything else, which has given the propulsion to their world-wide rally.

EXPLAIN it as one will, the fact marks a new phase in the relations between England and her colonies. Those relations have passed through many stages in the last hundred and fifty years. When the American colonies were still a part of the British crown, England was penetrated with the idea, which is still the French and German idea, that a colony is an estate whose usefulness begins and ends with returning a direct profit to its owner. It was the working out of this theory that caused the American Revolution. The world thought England ruined; but she recovered, and possessed herself of territories as extensive and valuable as those which had separated from her. With these she avoided the specific cause of offence for which she had just paid so dearly. She did not tax the colonies against their will, but she still used them as dumping-grounds for convicts, and she still administered them mainly for her own convenience. This, too, came to an end. The colonies claimed their waste-lands as their own, and England gave them up. The colonies insisted on filling their local government offices with their own people; and England, in the words of Mr. Froude, parted with what had been an agreeable provision for younger brothers and political partisans. The colonies refused to be turned into convict stations, and England kept her felons to herself. Finally, to close all disputes, the mother-country left them to govern themselves in their own way, maintaining over them a merely titular sovereignty.

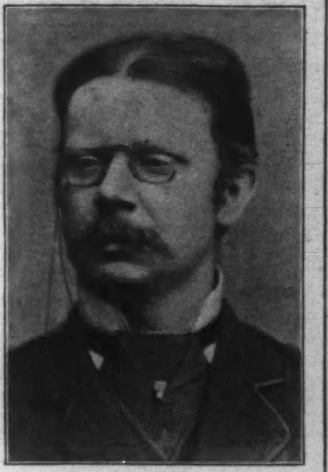
IT took time for Englishmen to reconcile themselves to the new state of affairs. The colonies seemed to have all the best of the bargain. They taxed British goods and raised their revenues from British manufactures, yet expected England to fight their battles for them, and maintain regiments among them at her own expense to guard their territories. To the cut-and-dried commercialism of the English tax-payer in the sixties this hardly appealed as a business proposition, and the colonies were eventually told that they would have to undertake their own defence, and that help from England was only to be looked for in wars of England's making. Cobdenism was the dominating influence of mid-century England, and to Cobdenism the colonies were valuable simply as so many markets for British goods, and the colonials as so many purchasers of Manchester cotton and Birmingham hardware. It is a fact that thirty years ago England came within an ace of letting her empire slip through her hands from sheer apathy. Whether the colonies remained under the British flag, or proclaimed their independence, or attached themselves to some other power seemed to be a matter of completest indifference to the governments of the day. They were compared, and by responsible statesmen in public speeches, to a grown-up son ready to enter life on his own account. Lord Granville quoted with approval Turgot's spurious analogy between a colony and a cluster of fruit, that hangs on the tree only till it is ripe. The colonies, it was everywhere proclaimed, were being "educated in independence." When they felt equal to voyaging alone they would be allowed to cut themselves adrift from the mother-country. There was rather more than a suspicion in the early seventies that the Liberal party encouraged and worked for separation; that they would have viewed without resentment or opposition the absorption of Canada and the West Indian Islands into the United States, and the setting up of an independent Australian republic. At all events, they made it clear that they did not greatly care whether the colonies staid or went.

IT was Disraeli's imperialism that saved England. Disraeli was no lover of the colonies; indeed, on the subject of their retention he had expressed himself as heretically as any Liberal of them all. But he had a profound belief in the part that England ought to play in European and, especially, Asiatic politics. His imperialism was often cheap and sometimes shoddy. At times it was simply ridiculous. Still, it was imperialism; it did rouse England from her stupor; it did make her lift up her head once more. At the same moment many genuine patriots turned the new spirit to account in an effort to shame England out of her neglect of the colonies. Professor Seeley's *Expansion of England* led the way; James Anthony Froude put forth all his brilliant rhetoric to quicken his countrymen to a sense of their duty and responsibilities; and the efforts of these men were followed up and amplified by the formation of colonial clubs and federation leagues, by a group of imperialists in Parliament, by the Jubilee of 1887, and later still by the extraordinary vogue of Mr. Rudyard Kipling—culminating in the wonderful outburst of the Diamond Jubilee, when England for the first time discovered the British Empire. Every one remembers how, in the delirium of that great occasion, fresh schemes were put forward day after day for binding the colonies still closer to the mother-country—now for a gigantic system of imperial defence, with every colony contributing its share to the naval and military forces; now for a Pan-Britannic Senate composed of delegates from the self-governing colonies, sitting at Westminster, and thence superintending the affairs of the empire; and now for a customs union, an imperial Zollverein, coterminous with and restricted to the empire, and directed against the rest of the world.

THE war has shown that of these schemes the first at least is practicable. The Zollverein theory quickly fell to the ground. England will not give up free trade, and the colonies cannot as yet afford to sacrifice protection. As for the Imperial Council, the colonies soon made it clear that fresh political ties are the last things they desire. The Premier of New South Wales squelched the proposal with the remark that the colonies are loyal mainly because they are not interfered with. Let them do as they please, he argued, and their loyalty to England will not falter. Manufacture more formal bonds, of whatever kind, and you merely multiply occasions for misunderstanding. The colonies are devoted to the crown, the Queen, and the empire, but they have good reason for fighting shy of Downing Street and Westminster. There remains, therefore, as a possible stepping-stone to federation, the scheme of imperial defence. In this something had already been done before the present war broke out. Australia some years ago fitted out a small squadron of light-draught cruisers, mainly at her own expense, but with the stipulation that they should only be used in Australian waters. In 1898 the Dutch ministry in power at Cape Town voted to set aside £20,000 a year as a contribution to the imperial navy, unattended by any conditions. Canadian and Australian troops were also employed on the ill-fated expedition that set out to rescue Gordon. But these were mere incidents compared with the universal eagerness of all the colonies to-day to pour out their blood and treasure in defence of the empire. The war cannot leave the empire just as it found it. It has opened up a practical path to that imperial federation which is the ideal of English statesmen—a path which England will find it both easy and advantageous to follow up.

AFTER a futile and exasperating debate which brought little credit to either side of the House, Lord Salisbury's government defeated the vote of censure moved upon it, by a majority of something over two hundred. This of course was expected. What was not expected was that the debate would decline into the wranglings of party politicians, and that the cabinet ministers should give not a sign of understanding the present temper of the English people. What are the charges which can fairly be brought against the government? The first is that they allowed their diplomacy to run ahead of their military preparations. The second is that the enemy's war power was underrated by those whose business it was to study the war power of all possible opponents. The third is that they neglected to provide adequate maps, up-to-date artillery, and a sufficient cavalry force. These are serious accusations, to which there is practically no defence. On the other hand, the government can claim that it has transported nearly 200,000 troops and 450 guns a distance of all but 7000 miles in less than five months without an appreciable hitch—a feat unique in history and quite beyond the performance of any other power; and that its commissariat system, its system of feeding, clothing, and nursing, has answered to admiration.

IN these circumstances the English people expected that their ministers would frankly avow their obvious blunders, and ask pardon for them in the only possible way—by resolute declarations to do better in the future, and bring into play all the resources of the empire to carry the war through. They wanted, in fact, a confident, cheering word from some one in authority. No such word came. The Opposition talked about the Jameson raid and Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy—very proper subjects for discussion at any other time, but not when the public is wholly taken up with the question of what is to be done in the immediate future. Lord Salisbury was weakly humorous on the deficiencies of the British Constitution in times of war and the inadequacy of the secret-service fund. Mr. Balfour was still more weakly complacent in his attempted justification of all that the government had done. Mr. Chamberlain was completely absorbed in the congenial task of defending himself, and harped on his new and personally very useful discovery that war was inevitable from the first. From only two members of the government, and these subordinate members, did the people get the encouragement they needed. Mr. George Wyndham, the Under-Secretary for War, and Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, spoke with a spirit of frankness and decision that restored public confidence almost instantaneously.



WILLIAM HENRY GILDER,

Born 1838. Died February 5, 1900.

Although an author and writer of wide reputation, it is no doubt as an arctic explorer that Mr. Gilder will be chiefly remembered.

In 1878 he joined the Franklin Search Expedition, and was second in command to Lieutenant Schwatka, U. S. A., on the 3250-mile sledge-journey into King William's Land. In 1881 he accompanied the De Long expedition, and carried the news of the burning of the ship *Rodgers* 2000 miles to the nearest telegraph office in Siberia. Later he joined in the search for the survivors of the *Jeannette*.

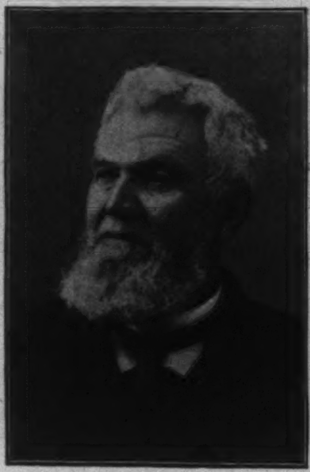
Sportsmen in England's War

ENGLAND has always encouraged the various manly sports on land and water, partly on the assumption that they formed good training-schools for the army, and her soldiers and officers have been enthusiastic followers of the chase, and expert players of polo, cricket, football, and similar games. Wherever an English regiment was stationed, there you would find contests of skill on horseback or with the cricket-bat and polo-sticks. Her army has done more to popularize and spread her national games to the four corners of the globe than any other agency.

A great war interferes with sports of all kind, and for a time the sporting blood of England is exhibited only through her army, now fighting its desperate way toward the Transvaal's capital. The checks and reverses which her army has received have quenched the home spirit and enthusiasm for sports. A single idea dominates the English public, and only half-hearted interest is displayed toward other questions of the day. Not the least important of these subjects that are neglected by even the sporting fraternity of England because of the South-African troubles is that of the future race for the *America's* cup. Had the war broken out early last summer, it is not at all likely that the same interest would have been displayed in England over the contest. It is certain now that Sir Thomas Lipton's second challenge will be indefinitely postponed, and there is no yacht club in England that is likely to anticipate him. Before he left this country after his defeat Sir Thomas assured his friends that he would challenge in time for the 1901 races.

The change in his plans is due to the dominant war spirit that pervades the whole British Empire. There is something more at stake than the loss of a yacht-race, and the whole British public feels it. The same dogged spirit and determination to win that have characterized the successive competitors for the *America's* cup are now concentrated in the effort to conquer the Boers.

There is hardly a sporting club in England to-day that has not contributed some of its best blood to the war, and the deaths are numerous enough to cast a gloom upon local and international sports for some time to come. The death of the son of the Marquis of Dufferin, at Ladysmith a few days ago, will injure the outlook for another contest for the *America's* cup. The marquis, who feels the loss of his son keenly, is the commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, and the club is not likely to interest itself in sporting matters under its present shadow of death. There are nearly a score of members of this club at the front or on their way there, and some of them have been killed or wounded. In addition to this, scarcely a member is without friends or relatives in South Africa. Consequently we have little prospect at present of arranging for another series of yacht-races for the *America's* cup in 1901, and it is possible that all other sports of an international character will be temporarily suspended. It may be remembered that during the summer of our war with Spain sports of all kinds suffered to such an extent that hardly a popular event was chronicled until the Thanksgiving football games were scheduled. G. E. W.



DAVID M. KEY,

Died February 3, 1900.

Formerly Postmaster-General and Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Tennessee.

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A CITY WITHOUT SOAP.

SIXTY THOUSAND JAPANESE WHO HAD NOT LEARNED HOW TO BATHE.—Miss Kate V. Johnson, of Madison, Ind., who has lived in Japan for thirteen years, talks in an interesting way of the little people of that country, who live without chairs, bedsteads, knives, forks, spoons, or soap; of the women who paint their teeth black and shave their eyebrows to indicate loyalty to their husbands; of the carpenters who make long, beautiful shavings by drawing their planes towards them, and who place the backdoor at the front of the house; and of their books, in which the preface is placed at the end of the book and foot notes at the head of the page.

Miss Johnson first went to Akita, a city of 60,000 persons, and found it a city without soap. Naoye Saito, a young Japanese girl who came to live in her house, had never had a soap bath in her life. She kicked and screamed when her first bath was given her and said they were trying to kill her. A cake of Ivory Soap was sent Naoye Saito's father with instructions to use it on his person. He came back the next day and asked for another cake, saying he had used it all up.

Before Miss Johnson left Japan last summer she took Naoye Saito, who had been with her for ten years, back to her native province and left her to earn her own living. While still in Tokio, a few days before sailing for America, Miss Johnson received a letter from Naoye in which she said: "I forgot one thing very necessary to our comfort in this place. Will you please go to the grocery store and buy me a dozen cakes of Ivory Soap and send them to me at once?" She sent a money order to pay for it, and the soap was sent.—[*Adv.*]

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St. Katherine's Cloister-Church, Nuremberg

Southerly Side

Where the Mastersingers Sang

by Irenaeus Prime-Stevenson

Rear View

IN the routine of the Wagnerian repertory in our Metropolitan Opera House they have been taking up "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" within the last two or three weeks. And so is the auditor once more reminded of the entertaining questions of how far Wagner carried out his theory of myth and legend and the absolutely supernatural as decidedly advisable in the fabric of an opera-libretto, or how far he dexterously made real places, persons, and occurrences a part of a plot; even wholly threw away the element of mystery and an extra-human romance. Of the two courses, Wagner gives you the extreme devotion to a myth that is beautiful and really dramatic in "Parsifal"; reaching such an atmosphere as in no earlier dramatic substructure, however elaborate and striking. In "Tannhäuser" you have his best compromise; dramatically not very skilful, but still highly effective and appealing; a middle course between natural and supernatural. In "The Mastersingers" we are kept wholly in the real, human world. Here we enter a definite and not even very remote epoch; here we reach to a place as real as New York or London; here we meet, as to several personages, just flesh-and-blood figures out of Germany's middle-class life in the sixteenth century, men long familiar to the modern world of letters and music. Romance, properly speaking, is tossed aside. A delightful homeliness and tangibility of things is part of the charm of so genial a Wagnerian work.

"The Mastersingers" breeds American pilgrims to Nuremberg, especially in weeks for Baireuth's annual performances, almost as vigorously as "Tannhäuser" has brought the musical foreigners to Eisenach. But when in Nuremberg the hurried Anglo-Saxon traveller, particularly, is likely to miss a visit to the most quintessently genuine association with the Mastersingers—either as Wagner's opera makes them or as a relic of the real guild, a (literally) stamping-ground of Hans Sachs, Sixt Beckmesser, and their song-loving cronies. This monument and relic is the veritable old Cloister-Church of St. Katherine—specifically enjoined on one by no guide-book sold the foreign wanderer, obscure of access, neglected this long time by busy Nuremberg itself, but a joy to the pious Wagnerian soul. Not the House of Sachs itself is so saturated with Wagneristic interest, nor any more is "a true thing." The opera-goer will scarcely need reminding that on a stage-picture of St. Katherine's Church begins Wagner's operatic fiction of love and music—a succession of other scenes ensuing that carry forward the entire act under the roof of the antique edifice. The seated congregation, with their sonorous hymn, the flirtation and dialogue between Eva Pogner and Walther von Stolzing, the bewildering counsels of the lively David, the entrance and grave attention of the guild to Walther's vain efforts against a rival's jealousy and against dry temperamental pedantry, Sachs's kindly protection of the young candidate—all these are incidents in St. Katherine's very nave.

I have not found that a large proportion of American visitors to Nuremberg are quite clear about the existence of St. Katherine's, much less of getting to it. The American in Nuremberg is likely to be hurried, and he is, besides, decidedly excusable if he slip altogether past what the municipality of Nuremberg takes no pains to present as a musical or literary matter of interest. Slights and indignities have been heaped upon St. Katherine's in past years, and to-day St. Katherine's plight is only bettered because the mere material edifice is let alone. So let alone, you must find it for yourself, unless a Nuremberger of more than ordinary sentiment can instruct you in the way; you must get into it for yourself, pretty nearly; and—of all deficiencies in Nuremberg, where the hotels would feed you on historical photographs if they could!—you must photograph it for yourself. No photographs are current. I could not even help myself as to this detail on several occasions; and as to the present article I am debtor to a certain friendly and distinguished hand controlling a ready camera.

As to locality in Nuremberg, the Cloister-Church is huddled away; truly not far from the aristocratic St. Lawrence edifice on Peter-Visscherstrasse, but easily missed. Peter-Visscherstrasse is a narrow street, diving pretty abruptly from the top of the same hill (Nuremberg has as many hills as Rome, and more, if you like to be fractional) on which the noble St. Lawrence Church is built; and descending to the supremely filthy and sluggish flow of the Pegnitz. That river means the unspeakable common sewer of Nuremberg yesterday, to-day, and, I dare say, forever. Half-way down toward that blessed brown sink, as you stroll along, perhaps thinking of Visscher's wondrous "King Arthur," but more likely of your footing and your quest, and of what may come down on your head from some window, a gateless archway catches your eye. The gateway is directly to your right hand. It is stone. A battered saint—a she-saint—is to be seen, alone and much dejected, up in a side niche. I am sorry to suspect that it is St. Katherine herself. If so, her saintly theology must be feeble just now, and no Nuremberg spinsters can braid her fair tresses here. For she hath no head!

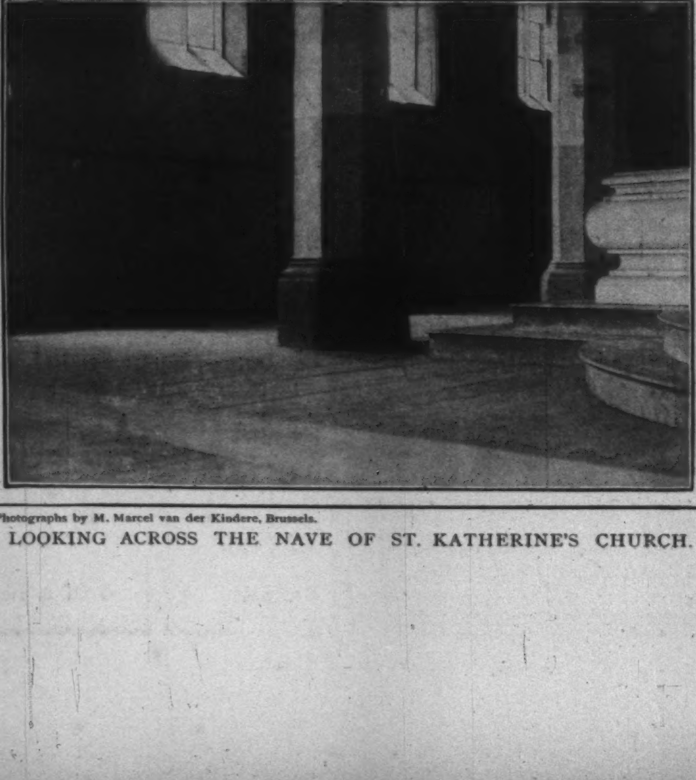
You then look through the arch. A not over-clean court, with particularly shabby little dwellings on one side of it, and an open thoroughfare leading to vacant lots and weedy enclosures appear, a few yards within the gateway presided over by the headless effigy. But straight before you, screened by only a couple of vigorous plane-trees, rises a dull-looking, clean old church. Its façade is toward the street, and its main length stretches along the court, as a stout enemy to trivial changes thereabouts these many centuries, and an enemy to such during quite as many to come. There is no stained glass in the graceful, pointed Gothic windows. The architecture is simple, and the spireless, heavy roof, covered with tiles, is unbeautiful. Nor is the edifice impressively large. It is a good-sized "parish church" in size and effect. But such as it is, there is something dignified, reticent, soberly faithful, burgherlike about it; a sort of church-of-the-middle-classes air to it—not a court-chapel fashion to it. And so you have your Cloister-Church of St. Katherine, in Nuremberg, where the Mastersingers of Nuremberg sang—many a time and oft, indeed.

You enter the cobbled court. There, very likely, frowzy children are jumping rope, and the shavings from the carpenter's shop are littered about, and the gutter steadily is adding to the Pegnitz. The simple front entrance to the church is barred and bolted, and covered with dust and cobweb. So you pass around. The long side wall (the picturesqueness of outside suffers much from the fact that the church is stuccoed over the original stone, that stucco being in remarkably good repair) meets you. You note some lanceolate and other windows. You discern a low door, with an antique sun-dial high overhead beyond it. A poor bit of fenced garden also greets you. The whole effect of the structure, like its environment, is oddly modern; uninspiring as architecture—partly because of an originally simple style, partly in virtue of a stern and stony defiance to decay, partly because the many great show-churches that glorify Nuremberg make this St. Katherine's commonplace and blank. You can trace, roughly, the area of what was the nunnery of St. Katherine's Sisters—of which building now almost every vestige has been pulled down save this, the conventual chapel, the cloistral church. Once it stood surrounded with a pleasant garden, stretching along the hill. Once the holy ladies of St. Katherine's establishment walked about in divers and many fair paths, reading their books of Hours, and overlooking the Pegnitz—which (*credimus quia impossibile est*) was a clear little river. But the Reformation and other events brought changes. The Convent of St. Katherine anon was a convent of the dispersed. The buildings and garden ground passed into practical and secular usages. The Cloister-Church became a parish church for Lutheran congregations. Then that phase, too, passed, and it became—if unruined and dignified—wholly left to itself, outside and in, and in such a state of patient disrespect is it to-day. You figure out its first stately surroundings; and see Sachs walking to the door, his head bent in thought. But, lo! a beer-wagon thunders by you down to the archway and street, a lusty little Nuremberger is heard squalling with an acidity that makes you esteem vows of celibacy more than ever; and the vulgar light and noise of common day so perturb you that you hunt up the grimy care-taker to get into the church itself.

There you can meditate on the Mastersingers, or dream Wagner's stage and Wagner's score, as you please. Before you is a spacious, clean-swept, empty, pewless, altarless area, floored with wood. The light falls dim by dirty panes. In days of St. Katherine's Convent the church was richly decorated; but the Lutheran conversion of it whitewashed all that sort of thing, and smashed the painted glass and sent the statuary a-packing. A single square of faded gilt color and angelic vision remains about the sacristy door. The pillars are not light matters, but heavy octagonal affairs, supporting ably a deep, finely built roof. For fifteen or twenty years the place has been hired out to one or another tenant, who has stored hay, plaster, old lumber, theatrical furniture, and so on in it. To-day it is empty, except for a huge white model of a fountain in clay (made to be sent to the exposition at Chicago!)—the edge of which interloper appears in my illustration with a queer effect of pretending to be a font! But St. Katherine's Cloister-Church still, inside as outside, maintains its harmonious, ecclesiastical identity. You like it. Except for a few quite obvious details of tinkering, it has suffered no real loss and maim. A date of some external alterations in the seventeenth century is marked outside. In fact, however abused, the building is in astonishingly good repair, by virtue of its original soundness of site and strength of plan and material. You can hardly realize its age and vicissitudes. It only needs to be relieved from its aspect of desertion by religion to be a cheerful temple, strong in its old age.

You turn toward its farther section. Over there was the curtain drawn to make the church's moderate-sized area less open. There were held the solemn and secret conclaves of the real Mastersingers. You hear David and the apprentices tittering and teasing each other; and also, in fancy, you watch them bring into order the tall carved chairs and Beckmesser's marking-desk. No trying of your imagination is needed to make you suppose that you are back in the Nuremberg of Wagner's gracious picturing; and that all our freer notions of music since the guild are heresies, not yet in the head of any mortal musician. Where is that portentous placard enjoining the Rules of Mastersongs on all candidates and composers of the fellowship? Lo, it is standing there! ready to be consulted—a stern friend to all careful deliberations, or a menace on trial evening for a candidate especially. You can take your place exactly—humbly noticing where Hans Sachs and Beckmesser will be seated. In delectable revery you hear the formal love-lyrics, the "biblische Lieder," the solemn criticisms, the cautious praises. Pogner

THE DOOR OF THE SACRISTY.



Photographs by M. Marcel van der Kindere, Brussels.

LOOKING ACROSS THE NAVE OF ST. KATHERINE'S CHURCH.

FORTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

Of the United States,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1899.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$36,994,231.92
Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	24,914,870.61
United States, State, City, and Railroad Bonds, and other investments, as per market quotations Dec. 30, 1899 (market value over cost, $13,717,213.45)	159,969,062.00
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value Dec. 30, 1899, $21,418,995.00)	17,134,800.00
Policy Loans	2,671,489.17
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and office buildings	13,717,356.50
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	18,271,871.74
Balances due from agents	643,128.99
Interest and Rents due ($100,774.22) and accrued ($494,121.65)	594,895.87
Premiums due and in process of collection	3,005,246.00
Deferred Premiums	2,274,334.00
Total Assets	**$280,191,286.80**

We hereby certify that, after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1899, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statements are valued at the market price December 30, 1899.

Francis W. Jackson, Auditor.
Alfred W. Maine, 2d Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Assurance Fund (or Reserve) on all existing policies by Society's valuation (Computation by N. Y. Insurance Department $216,225,257. See Superintendent's certificate)	$216,384,975.00
All other Liabilities	2,688,834.03
Total Liabilities	**$219,073,809.03**
Surplus	**$61,117,477.77**

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	$42,366,814.35
Cash received for Interest and from other sources	11,511,386.51
Income	**$53,878,200.86**

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	$13,871,482.85
Matured and Discounted Endowments	1,466,192.91
Matured Deferred Dividend Policies	2,863,315.00
Annuities	586,358.58
Surrender Values	2,265,382.42
Dividends paid to Policy-holders	3,054,809.68
Paid Policy-holders	**$24,107,541.44**
Commissions, advertising, postage, and exchange	5,412,843.86
All other payments: Taxes, salaries, medical examinations, general expenses, etc.	5,020,500.69
Sinking Fund. Reduction of Book values of Bonds purchased at a premium	342,040.00
Disbursements	**$34,882,925.99**

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance	**$1,054,416,422.00**
Assurance applied for in 1899	**$237,356,610.00**
Examined and Declined	**34,054,778.00**
New Assurance Issued	**$203,301,832.00**

We, the undersigned, appointed by the Board of Directors of the Equitable Society, in accordance with its by-laws, to revise and verify all its affairs for the year 1899, hereby certify that we have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the Assets of the Society, and do hereby certify that the foregoing statement thereof is true and correct as stated.

E. Boudinot Colt, J. H. Dunham,
T. S. Young, H. J. Fairchild,
G. W. Carleton, C. B. Alexander, } Special Committee of the Board of Directors.

In the foregoing Statement the rate of interest assumed for the future in computing the reserve on each class of policies corresponds with the rate which was employed in computing the premiums on the same, as stated in the Superintendent's certificate below.

If, in computing the Reserve on all outstanding policies, it should be assumed that only 3% will be realized in the future, the Surplus Assets, after deducting all liabilities, would be $38,903,704.

The Society holds a larger amount of Assets in excess of Total Liabilities than any other life assurance company in the United States or Europe on similar computations.

All interest actually realized in excess of the rates assumed will be added to surplus for the benefit of the policy-holders.

An apportionment of profits will be made as usual to policy-holders during the year 1900 in the manner specified in their respective policies.

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

J. G. Van Cise, Actuary. R. G. Hann, Assistant Actuary.

State of New York, Insurance Department, Albany, January 31, 1900.

I hereby certify that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, and in conformity with the rates assumed in the calculation of premiums on the policies so valued, I have caused the policy obligations of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, outstanding on the 30th day of December, 1899, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest; and by the American Experience Table of Mortality, with interest at three per cent., and at three and a half per cent., as assumed in premium rates; and I find the same to be $216,225,257.

Louis F. Payn, *Superintendent of Insurance.*

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rises to address you, as then. And there is Walther von Stolzing—purely a Wagnerian fancy, but now become near as real as the real Mastersingers. Is this St. Katherine's Church, where the Mastersingers met? and is Sachs's house over there in the town—as plain to behold as Dürer's dwelling on the Burg itself—and must you all the same make such tiresome, sharp distinctions between fact and fiction, a musician's creations and his truth of biography? Nonsense, you say. We don't all care to find such boundary-lines. Henceforth Eva and Walther, Magdalene and David, Sachs and Beckmesser and Pogner and every other Mastersinger shall be as real to me as are the spell of music, the beauty of youth, the eternal triumph of love!

MR. DOOLEY*

XVIII.—ON THE SERVANT-GIRL PROBLEM

"WHIN Congress gets through expellin' mimbers that believes so much in mathrimony that they carry it into ivry relation iv life, an' opens th' dure iv Chiny so that an American can go in there as free as a Chinnyman can come into this refuge iv th' opprissed iv th' wurruld, I hope 'twill turn its attintion to th' gr-reat question now confrontin' th' nation—th' question iv what we shall do with our hired help. What shall we do with thim?"

"We haven't anny," said Mr. Hennessy.

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "Ar-rchey R-road has no servant-girl problem. Th' rule is ivry woman her own cook an' ivry man his own footman, an' be th' same token we have no poly-gamy problem, an' no open-dure problem, an' no Ph'lippeen problem. Th' on'y problem in Ar-rchey R-road is how manny times does round steak go into twelve at wan dollar an' a half a day. But east iv th' r-red bridge, Hinnissy, wan iv th' most cryin' issues iv th' hour is: What shall we do with our hired help? An' if Congress don't take hold iv it we ar-re a rooned people.

"'Tis an ol' problem, an' I've seen it arise an' shake its goary head ivry few years, whiniver th' Swede popylation got wurrk an' begun bein' marrid, thus rayjoocin' th' visible supply iv help. But it seems 'tis deeper thin that. I see be letters in th' pa-apers that servants is insolent, an' that they won't go to wurruk onless they like th' looks iv their employers, an' that they refuse to live in th' counthry. Why anny servant shud rayfuse to live in th' counthry is more thin I can see. Ye'd think that this disreputable class 'd give annything to lave th' crowded tinimints iv a large city, where they have frinds be th' hundhreds, an' know th' polisman on th' bate, an' can go out to hateful dances an' moonlight picnics—ye'd think these unforch'nate slaves 'd be delighted to live in Mulligan's subdivision, amid th' threes an' flowers an' bur-rds. Gettin' up at four o'clock in th' mornin', th' singin' iv th' full-throated alarm-clock is answered be an invisible choir iv songsters, as Shakspere says, an' ye see th' sun rise over th' hills as ye go out to carry in a ton iv coal. All day long ye meet no wan as ye trip over th' coal-scuttle, happy in ye'er tile, an' ye'er heart is enlivened be th' thought that th' childher in th' front iv th' house ar-re growin' sthrong on th' fr-resh counthry air. Besides, they's always cookin' to do. At night ye can set be th' fire an' improve ye'er mind be r-readin' half th' love-story in th' part iv th' paaper that th' cheese came home in, an' whin ye'er through with that, all ye have to do is to climb a ladder to th' roof an' fall through th' skylight, an' ye'er in bed.

"But wud ye believe it, Hinnissy, manny iv these misguided women rayfuse f'r to take a job that ain't in a city. They prefer th' bustle an' roar iv th' busy marts iv thrade, th' sthreet car, th' saloon on three corners an' th' church on wan, th' pa-apers ivry morning with pitchers iv th' society fav'rite that's just thrown up a good job at Ar-mours to elope with th' well-known clubman who used to be yard-masther iv th' three B.'s, G., L., & N., th' shy peek into th' dhry-goods store, an' other base luxuries, to a free an' healthy life in th' counthry between iliven P.M. an' four A.M. We'n'sdahs an' Sundahs. 'Tis worse thin that, Hinnissy, f'r whin they ar-re in th' city they seem to dislike their wurruk, an' manny iv thim ar-re givin' up splindid jobs with good large families where they have no chanst to spind their salaries, if they git thim, an' takin' places in shops, an' gettin' marrid, an' adoptin' other devices that will give thim th' chanst f'r to wear out their good clothes. 'Tis a horrible situation. Riley th' conthractor dhropped in here th' other day in his horse an' buggy on his way to th' dhrainage canal, an' he was all wurruked up over th' question. 'Why,' he says, ''tis scand'lous th' way servants act!' he says. 'Mrs. Riley has hystrics,' he says. 'An' ivry two or three nights whin I come home,' he says, 'I have to win a fight again' a cook with a stove lid befure I can move me family off th' fr-ront stoop,' he says. 'We threat thim well, too,' he says. 'I gave th' las' wan we had fifty cints an' a cook-book at Chris'mas, an' th' nex' day she left befure breakfast,' he says. 'What naytional'ties do ye hire?' says I. 'I've thried thim all,' he says; 'an',' he says, 'I'll say this in shame,' he says, 'that th' Irish ar-re th' worst,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'ye need have no shame,' I says, 'f'r 'tis on'y th' people that ar-re good servants that 'll niver be masthers,' I says. 'Th' Irish ar-re no good as servants because they ar-re too good,' I says. 'Th' Dutch ar-re no good because they ain't good enough. No matther how they start, they get th' noodle habit. I had wan wanst, an' she got so she put noodles in me tay,' I says. 'Th' Swedes ar-re all right, but they always get marrid th' sicond day. Ye'll have a polisman at th' dure with a warrant f'r th' arrist iv ye'er cook if ye hire a Boheemyan,' I says. 'Coons 'd be all right, but they're liable f'r to hand ye ye'er food in rag-time, an' if ye ordher pork-chops f'r dinner, an' th' hall is long, 'tis little ye'll have to eat whin th' platter's set down,' I says. 'No,' says I, 'they're no naytional'ty now livin' in this counthry that 're nathral bor-rn servants,' I says. 'If ye want to save throuble,' I says, 'ye'll import ye'er help. They're a race iv people livin' in Cinthral Africa that 'd be jus' r-right. They niver sleep, they can carry twice their weight on their backs, they have no frinds, they wear no clothes, they can't read, they can't dance, an' they don't dhrink. Th' fact is they're thoroughly oneddycated. If ye cud tache thim to cook an' take care iv childher they'd be th' best servants,' says I. 'An' what d'ye call thim?' says he. 'I f'rget,' says I. An' he wint away mad."

"Sure an' he's a nice man to be talkin' iv servants!" said Mr. Hennessy. "He was a gintleman's man in th' ol' counthry, an' I used to know his wife whin she wurruk f'r—"

"'S-sh!" said Mr. Dooley. "They're beyond that now. Besides, they speak fr'm experyence. An' mebbe that's th' throuble. We're always harder with our own kind thin with others. 'Tis I that 'd be th' fine censor iv a bartinder's wurruk. Th' more ye ought to be a servant ye'ersilf, th' harder 'tis f'r ye to get along with servants. I can holler to anny man fr'm th' top iv a buildin' an' make him tur-rn r-round, but if I come down to th' sthreet where he can see I ain't anny bigger thin he is, an' holler at him, 'tis twinty to wan if he tur-rns r-round he'll hit me in th' eye. We have a servant-girl problem because, Hinnissy, it isn't manny years since we first begun to have servant-girls. But I hope Congress 'll take it up. A smart Congress like th' wan we have now ought to be able to spare a little time fr'm its preparation iv new jims iv speech f'r th' third reader, an' rig up a bill that 'd make keepin' house a recreation, while so softenin' th' spirit iv th' haughty sign iv a noble race in th' kitchen that cookin' buckwheat cakes on a hot day with th' aid iv a bottle iv smokeless powdher 'd not cause her f'r to sind a worthy man to his office in slippers an' without a hat."

"Ah," said Mr. Hennessy, the simple democrat, "it wud be all r-right if women 'd do their own cookin'."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "'twud be a return to Jacksonyan simplicity, an' 'twud be a g-great thing f'r th' resthrant business."

F. P. DUNNE.

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Senator Evarts and David Davis

WHILE William M. Evarts was a member of the Senate, an employee, hastening late one afternoon through one of the upper corridors, was accosted by a stranger, evidently a farmer, with the query: "Can you tell me where I can see Senator Evarts? I have admired him all my life, and I have never seen him. To tell you the truth, I have come to Washington *to* see him more than anything else. I don't want to speak to him; just to look at him." The employee took him into the Senate gallery and sat down with him. Evarts was not on the floor, but in a few minutes he strolled in and stepped up the steps leading to the Vice-President's desk, so that all his diminutiveness and slenderness was in evidence. "There he is," said the employee. "What!" said the old farmer. "That little fellow?" Then he looked long and earnestly at him, and turning to his companion, said, "Gosh! I bet he *boards*."

Evarts, with all his wit and brilliancy, was once outwitted by Senator David Davis, who weighed over three hundred pounds, and whose figure was nearly the same in circumference as it was in the perpendicular. He and Evarts were twitting each other about personal size at a dinner one evening, and finally Davis said, "If you will let me choose the course, I will bet you a hundred dollars that with three yards start I can beat you in a race of a hundred feet." Every one at the table laughed and said, "Take him up, Mr. Evarts." The wager was laid, and Mr. Davis was asked when he would race, to which he replied that he was ready at once. The whole party then adjourned to the course chosen by Senator Davis. This proved to be an alley between two houses, just three feet in width and a hundred feet deep. He stepped into the mouth three yards, said "Go!" and walked through quite leisurely. Mr. Evarts could get neither past him nor under him, and he called Davis back to the street and paid the bet.

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The World of Finance

THERE has been a steady strengthening and an increase of activity in the New York stock-market, following the sluggish condition of the month of January. The contrast of that month with the corresponding one of last year was striking. In 1899 the aggregate sales in January exceeded 24 million shares. This year they were less than 10 millions. The market values in these transactions fell from nearly 1620 million dollars to less than 690 millions. The opening month of last year was a time of activity and high prices, through exploiting of speculative ventures. This year it was a period of dulness and caution, brought about by a reaction near the end of the last twelvemonth. The difference was reflected in the volume of bank clearings, which was ten per cent. less for the whole country this year than last, the whole of the decline and more being in New York.

But after the advent of February matters began to improve. Money had become plentiful and rates were comparatively low. There was a considerable increase in deposits in the New York banks, and a somewhat smaller increase in loans, with a strengthening of reserves, and the rate for money on call was 2 and 2½ per cent., while on sixty and ninety days' time, loans could be had at 4 per cent. on good security. The best commercial paper was discounted at 4½, and six-months bills were 5 to 6 per cent. Slowly confidence revived in the stock-market, and as things began to move again they seemed to be very little affected by the incidents of war in South Africa. The former condition had been attributed by some to uncertainty in that quarter, and a disposition to await the turn of events; but the change came without any significant turn in events there, and it soon became evident that the South-African war was practically eliminated from calculations, or its effect one way or another discounted. At all events, it ceased to occupy much attention in Wall Street.

What remained of speculation in January dealt mostly in the less substantial industrial stocks and the shares of local transit railroads. As legitimate trading revived, the industrial stocks of more certain value appeared most active, especially those of the coal, iron, and steel companies. The unparalleled activity in all the processes of production from iron ore gave peculiar strength to these stocks, and the most prominent ones made notable advances in price. It was evident that many were bought for investment on favorable reports of the condition and prospects of the companies. As trading in this class of securities widened, activity in standard railroad shares began to show again with the appearance of commission brokers in the operations of the Exchange buying and selling for actual customers. The market was a steadily advancing one. There were exceptions, and the "sugar trust" stocks declined on all manner of rumors about the proceedings of its rivals and a fall in the price of the product, and the transit stocks were affected by the uncertain prospects of Brooklyn Rapid Transit and the fact that the Third Avenue Railroad Company was struggling with a floating debt of $17,000,000 not yet provided for after the enormous expense of a change of motive power and new equipment. Its stock had gone below par, whereas a few months ago it was at 240. An incident of quite different significance was the unexpected payment of a quarterly dividend of 20 per cent. by the Standard Oil Company, which sent its stock up with a bound.

Reports of railroad traffic and the earnings of the leading companies continue favorable, but the adjustment of the new schedules of rates, or rather the changes in classification which affect the rates of many commodities, has not been fully settled. The revised classification has taken effect, but the committees are hearing complaints and there may be modifications. The most important complaint relates to the widening of the difference in freight charges between car-loads and smaller lots of the same kind of merchandise, which seriously affects small producers and dealers, and tends to the advantage of those who do business on a large scale. Although there has been a decline in the transportation of grain and Western farm products, traffic has kept up well on account of the activity in coal and iron and in manufactures generally. There has been a decided advance in the price of bituminous coal, and better rates have prevailed for its transportation. There has been a somewhat sudden and singular activity in the cotton-market, with an advance in price beyond anything known for some years. This is attributed to the scepticism of foreign buyers regarding the shortness of the crop here, which their statisticians insisted upon estimating at 11,000,000 bales, in spite of announcements that it would hardly exceed 9,000,000. They held off from buying, in the belief that the supply would be better than was promised, and sellers here held back for an advance of prices, and got the better of the contest because their calculations were based upon facts.

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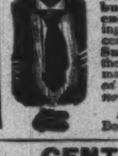

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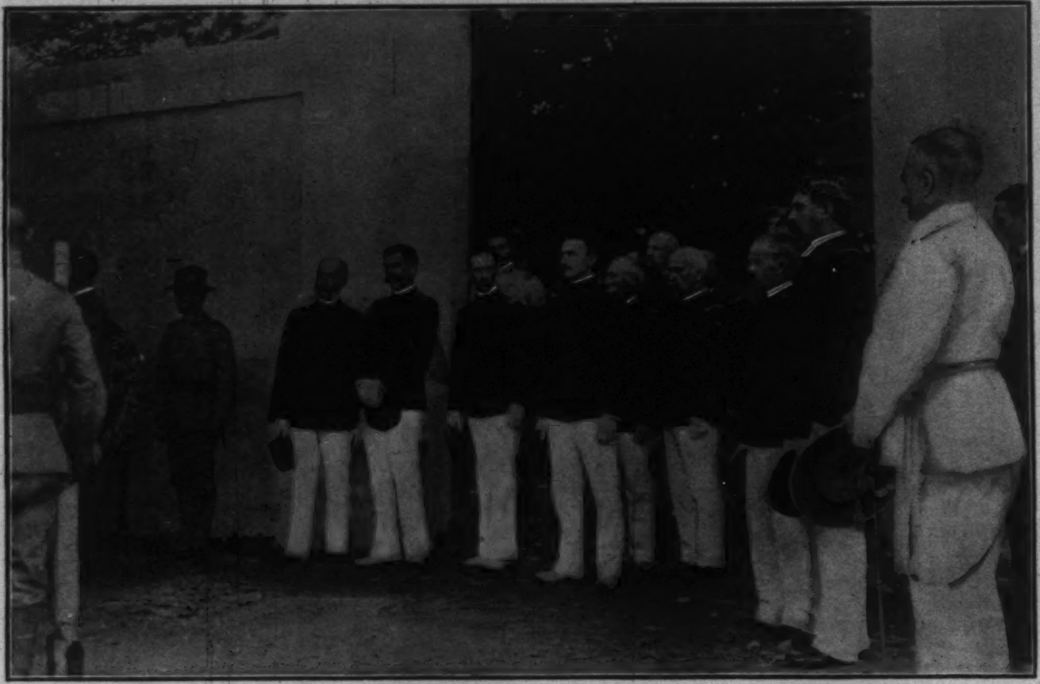

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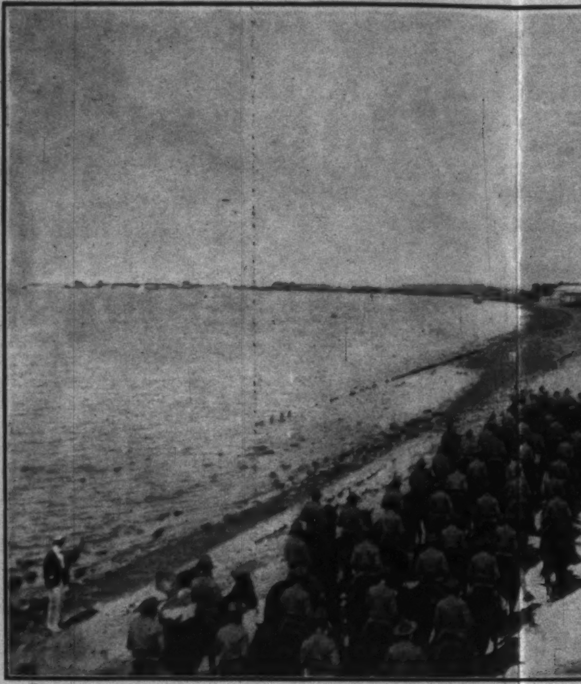


THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG

Lieut.-Col. Wagner. Chaplain Pierce. General Schwan. Captain Forsythe.

FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

HONOR to the dead! Over the body of Major-General Henry W. Lawton were performed at Manila, on December 30, 1899, the military funeral rites commensurate with his rank. He was given the full measure of the little left for men who had fought by his side and loved him to do in honor of the memory of a brave, great man, before his country, so far away, took him back and tenderly laid him to rest beneath the softened shades of Arlington. Peace to his soul!

At the chapel in Paco Cemetery, Chaplain Pierce's resonant voice rose and fell, in the hush of the vaulted chamber, in one short, earnest prayer. This room has been the temporary resting-place of Spanish dead for a century past—here in state have lain Spanish officers of high rank and Spanish dignitaries, with the kneeling figures of priests at the head and foot of the silent forms, intoning masses amid the smoke and glare of rows upon rows of candles.

For the first time the remains of a great American have rested on the marble catafalque. During nine days sentinels have stood at the head and foot of the coffin continuously, and a platoon of the Forty-fifth Infantry have guarded the entrance to the cemetery grounds.

General Lawton's staff-officers requested the privilege of acting as the actual bearers of the casket, and of marching by its side in the funeral procession. The request was granted, though the regulations provide that sergeants shall carry the remains. These men, who have labored side by side with the general and loyally loved him, felt that to their tender keeping his body belonged until the last possible moment.

At ten in the morning there passed through the arched gateway of the old cemetery a cosmopolitan mixture of men of different nationalities. Even the hermit General Otis was there, and was gazed upon with interest and curiosity by both the populace and military men, most of whom did not even know him, until he was pointed out by the handful who did. The Filipino Supreme Court judges were out in full force, wearing dead-black clothes and expansive shirt fronts. The foreign consuls, in uniforms lavishly decorated with braid and gold, moved toward the chapel with uncovered heads. Closely gathered outside the gate was another still more heterogeneous crowd, a thousand strong, where soldiers, Filipinos, Englishmen, Chinese, and Spaniards elbowed for room in the hot sunshine, and surged forward toward the empty artillery caisson and the mourners' carriages, only to be forced back by the alert native policemen. On a side street the naval battalion, in pure white, stood at parade rest, while down the avenue of march a full regiment of

the Fourteenth Infantry, under Colonel
way; beyond them was Taylor's light batt
and still farther down, past General Lawton'
Nozeleda, was a squadron of the Fourth Cav

They were coming. Those outside the ga
baring of the head by those at the entrance
natives alike uncovered for a block away.

A casket bedded deep in natural and po
crosses, with huge black streamers lettered
itials of the Spanish and Filipino donors, as
was borne by the arms of the staff-officers.
touching in the sight of these men, who ha
ton, with his strong, dominant spirit in li
tearfully toward his grave.

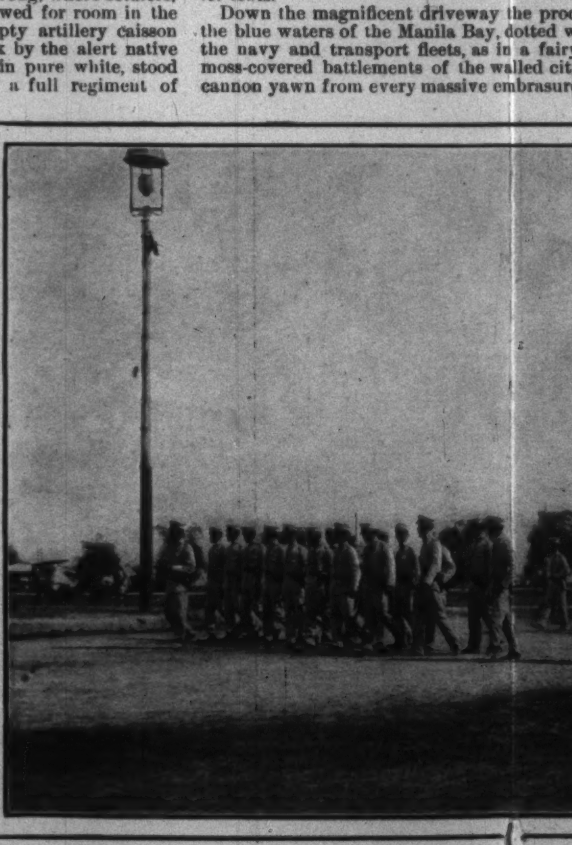
The guns boom out a salute of honor to
tance the strains of a funeral march float ba
now moving slowly forward on the soldier'
drawn by six powerful horses. Close by its
fore it are Chaplains Pierce and Marvin, gow
in black carriages, are the honorary pall-bear
and Wheeler, Admiral Watson, Captain Fors
closely following are the mourners; then the
eral Lawton's former command; the officers
Asiatic squadron; the Military Governor of
the officers of the foreign consulates; the
the Supreme Court of the Philippines; the
barrios, and other distinguished persons.

In the lead of the funeral procession ar
Filipino police. They are rounding the co
the far-famed Luneta—a square where, in
riment have been hideously blended in the

As the funeral train passes, the entire r
Infantry stands stiffly at support arms, on
Behind them the extent of field is closely co
ter-tents.

Down the magnificent driveway the proc
the blue waters of the Manila Bay, dotted w
the navy and transport fleets, as in a fairy
moss-covered battlements of the walled cit
cannon yawn from every massive embrasur

THE FUNERAL CAISSON FOLLOWED BY GENERAL LAWTON'S HORSE.



THE TWO COMPANIES OF FILIPINO LICE

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL HENRY W. LA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CO

ONG THE SEA-COAST ROAD.

OFFICERS OF GENERAL LAWTON'S STAFF PLACING THE BODY ON BOARD THE "THOMAS."

olonel Daggett, lined the road-
nt battery of the Fourth Artillery;
awton's old headquarters on Calle
rth Cavalry under Major Rogers.
the gates knew it by the reverential
trance; and soldiers, civilians, and
way.
and porcelain flowers (wreaths and
ttered in staring gold with the in-
ors, as is the custom of the country)
ficers. There was something very
ho had looked up to General Law-
in life, now bearing him silently,

nor to the dead, and far in the dis-
loat back to the embowered coffin,
soldier's hearse—a rumbling caisson
by its side step the staff-officers. Be-
r, gowned and surpliced. Behind it,
ll-bearers—Generals Schwan, Bates,
n Forsythe, and Colonel Barry; and
hen the officers and soldiers of Gen-
fficers and naval battalion from the
nor of the Philippines and his staff;
s; the president and members of
es; the presidents and head men of
ns.
ion are two companies of the new
the corner of the street leading into
ere, in the past, atrocities and mer-
n the same day.
ntire regiment of the Thirty-eighth
ns, on the side of the open square,
ely covered with their camp of shel-

e procession comes, on the one side
otted with the distant white ships of
a fairy scene, and on the other the
led city, where the mouths of brass
brasure, and a score of churches and

convents break the sky-line irregularly with domes and sharp-gabled, red-tiled roofs. The walls behind and the high-banked earth-works protecting modern guns in the foreground are thronged with people watching the novel ceremonies over a departed major-general.

The roadway gathers itself into a final circle around a small monument on the bank of the Pasig. It is here the tug-boat which is to receive the remains lies, tied to the shore. General Hall and his staff halt at the shaft; the cavalry, with clanking sabres, swing from heavy column into line and back their restless horses clear of the road. The battery has wheeled off the avenue some distance back, into a side street leading through the heavy portals of the walled city, and the infantry, in company front and perfect step, close up the breach, fall into column of fours, and then by the right front, until the entire regiment stands facing the street, waiting for the passage of the bier and the command "Support arms."

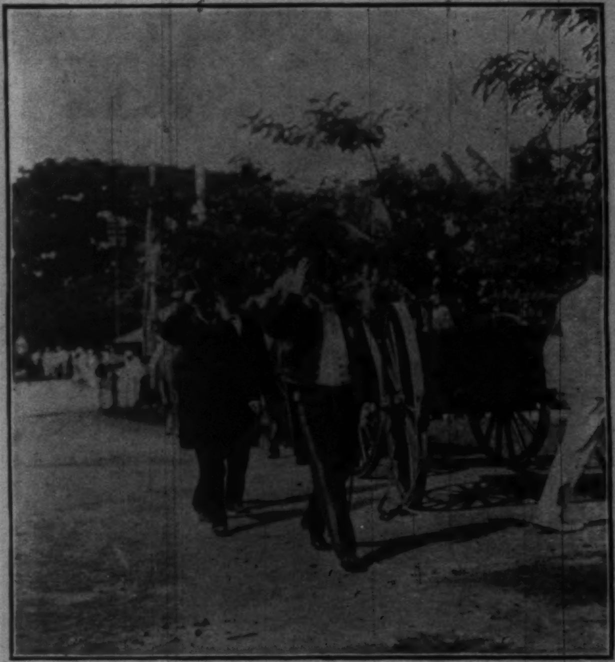
Through the walls of rigid foot-soldiers and cavalrymen with bright sabres held aloft, General Lawton is taking his last ride in the Philippines. There are few men in the stiffly erect ranks who do not exhibit strong emotion in their faces. This clay to which they do honor was once the embodiment of all that appeals to a true soldier's heart—integrity, courage, and kindliness. He appreciated the fighting-man and mourned the loss of brave men in battle; he willingly suffered the same privations as the enlisted man; he was known, on occasion, to ignore his rank and work side by side with the common soldier, and every soldier knew it, and respected and admired him the more.

With bared heads the pall-bearers again stand about the coffin, while Chaplain Marvin sends up a prayer. As the first voice ceases Chaplain Pierce steps forward, tenderly laying his hand upon the head of the casket, and from his lips fall the beautiful words of this benediction: "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee. The Lord have thy body and thy people in His keeping on the great deep. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee Peace, both now and evermore. Amen."

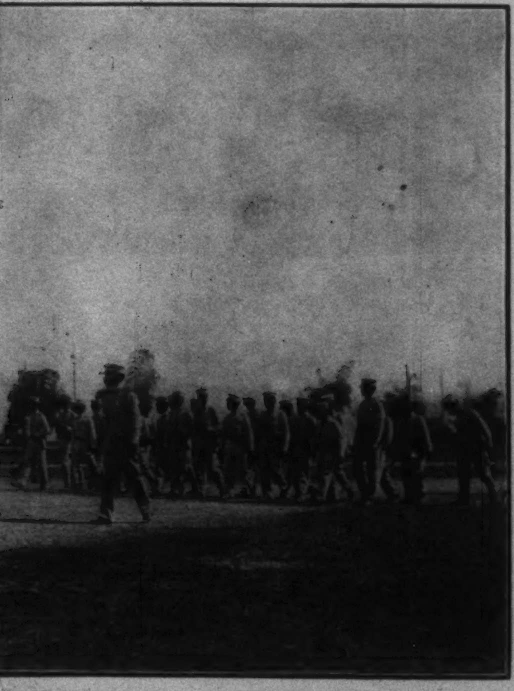
As the little boat dropped down the river's tide, bearing the body to the transport, a bugler on shore stepped forward, and raising the trumpet to his lips, blew softly and sweetly the sad notes of "taps." Men stood with uncovered heads, and tears streaming down their faces, listening to that call blown at the close of the soldier's day and of his life, and the minds of many of them formed the words of the verse, "Go to sleep. Go to sleep. . . . The day is done."

Lawton's life work was over..

William Dinwiddie.



THE FOREIGN CONSULS.



LICE WHICH LED THE PROCESSION.

OFFICERS OF GENERAL LAWTON'S STAFF PLACING THE CASKET ON THE CAISSON.

LAWTON AT MANILA, DECEMBER 30, 1899.

al Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."